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THE
COLORED MAN

AND
THE BALLOT

BY

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THE COLORED MAN AND THE BALLOT.



THIS age is wealthy with frosty years of public deliberations. Time has never known or desired to know a day of absolute rest or silence. This world, social, religious, or political, sets upon wheels of perpetual motion. You may bring to rest the wheels of an ox-cart, or a two-horse wagon, or a locomotive, but the wheels of the universe you can never stop. Nor can you prevent the fretfulness and restlessness of the public mind, so long as there exists one particle of cause for such actions. The public itself is a little world whose activity, advancement and benevolence depend upon the many minds that control it. You cannot interfere with, or trespass upon, the rights of the public, without affecting, directly or indirectly, the interest of the people thereof. All that the public has done, or can do, all that is expected of it, all its petitions, sayings, writings, resolutions, articles, speeches, and debates, all these combined, are but the voice of millions meeting at a common point. The advancement of the public betokens the advancement of the people, and *vice versa*. The tide of years is onward, not backward; and so should be the tide of a nation.

Progress is the life of a nation; but retrogression its decay. When we move forward, we live; when we stand still, we sleep, and move backward, we die. Some pronounce this a "swift age." Well that depends a great deal upon circumstances. If the people are swift, then the "age is swift;" but if the people are benumbed, what about the age? As far as the age is concerned, I cannot see that the Fourth of July is any hotter or

longer now than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. A thousand years ago Christmas came on the 25th of December and it repeats that date yet. Our forefathers drank water as a nourishment for thirst. So do we. But we know a few more things than did our forefathers; and on the whole, understand a few more tricks and can perform a few more wonders. All this makes time noted for swiftness. The age should be described according to our moments. If we are making rapid improvement upon the deeds of those who preceded us, then we are living in a fast age. But one thing certain, we can never get before an age; we must either be with it, or behind it.

Have we ascertained this fact? Have we ascertained the cause or causes of public restlessness or dissensions? If not, the life of our Government, the great public wake of our day, demand that we should seek and know the causes of a working pestilence to the public welfare. This age teaches us that sentiment is the worth of life and the glory of a Republic, that it is golden, and to oppress it is less than brazen; that when men differently impressed, with different minds, different views and motives, different standing in life, designate some political center, assemble, commingle, disseminate, and interchange ideas upon public plans for public good, that there must be an established and settled mode of publicly solving political truths and deciding political questions.

This fact the age has impressed upon us so sufficiently well that we claim to understand every mystery about it. We confess it to be true that all minds do not and cannot agree upon all and the same things at the same time, for the same reason, and in the same way. We know that at times and places, under circumstances and tendencies, many minds must naturally and necessarily differ in various ways. We know this to be so in religion, in society, in our fireside conversation as in politics.

Therefore we have most wisely decided the common method of measuring the varying minds and bringing to a focus the different views on the same subject. This common rule is the ballot. We have long since decided that the ballot be the public judge of the public mind. The ballot is a king; a monument of undisputed prestige. It is the voice of man springing from the humble fountains of original truth. We may become ever so indignant over public affairs, or ever so inflamed with passion or fretted with

questions burdening to our intellect, but midst wrath and indignation, frets and smiles, midst applause, midst laughter, midst seas of trouble or oceans of pleasure, midst all that is touched and polished with human thoughts and human doings, the ballot unpestered, unmolested and unhindered, can in one moment speak louder and do more for man than he himself could otherwise do in years. Its aim is fathomed in the uttermost depths of human souls. It is the source and all of the mind's wealth and the soul's freedom; and its purity is the purity and holiness of a nation.

In this country where man is one part citizen, and the other part brute, the ballot and the colored man are so apparently connected that one seems odd without the other. This year, 1888, ten million votes will probably be cast; of this number, one million or more will be cast by the sons of Ham. Just here a word about the Brother in Black, is in order. The negro problem is a disturbing and hurtful element in American politics. As it is to-day, it is injurious to the race and a curse to the nation. And the center of this curse is in the center of the South. There, in that fair land, brood disorder, violence and ill-gifted assassination. It is there that man is hindered, or unhindered according to his color. If he be white and a favorite member of Democracy, prejudice banishes at his approach. But if he be black or his color gives the least conception of the least drop of African blood, then I say so much the worse for him. In the South, the colored man is an outcast two ways—socially and politically.

But these are two different curses, operating from two different sources, coursing in two different directions, having two different effects, and hence culminating at two different points. Therefore the same remedy is not applicable to both. Legislation or laws of the land cannot shape, complete, and perfect the laws or rules of society and religion. This, the colored race does not expect or demand. This bane of social prejudice in the South must be wiped out, if ever, by an educated sentiment in the several localities where such evil is prevalent. There, the two races must be educated, or the social evil of to-day will darken the future cloud of both. An increased, a zealous and continued effort to educate both sentiment and interest, this, together with thrift, pride and time, will render the black man of Dixie no more a scarecrow in his white neighbor's parlor. Ignorance is, no doubt, the life of prejudice. This is evident from a Southern

view of the question. There the percentage of intelligence falls far short of that in any other section of the Union. For an illustration let us compare the percentage of education north of Mason and Dixon's with that south of it.

By the tenth census the percentage of illiteracy in New Jersey was 4.5; Pennsylvania, 4.6; Ohio, 3.6; Indiana, 4.8; Illinois, 4.3; Missouri, 8.9. South of the old sectional line, Maryland, 16 per cent; West Virginia, 12.1; Arkansas, 28.8; Virginia, 34 per cent, while the further south we proceed, the darker grows the illiterate cloud, till at times and places one-half the people are shrouded in ignorance. This must be erased with more force and advancement than heretofore. The two races must be enlightened; for both are in the dark; both are wanting intelligence. From them no obstacle should shut off the light of knowledge which is capable of elevating their sentiment and giving tone to their character. Let the George W. Cables and C. K. Marshalls of the South be heard. Let them be multiplied. Such men are monuments of honor and mountains of progress to the civilized and uncivilizing world. When Southern communities bow and smile to their leadership, then social equality in the United States will be done with terrors, done with enemies. These men both are Southern loving and Southern loved gentlemen, but they have taught themselves to be just and true to all, and scorers to none.

Rev. C. K. Marshall has the goodness to attack and reprimand a brother divine who had Democracy conceited so deep in heart, and deviltry so deep in his soul, as to preach from the pulpit race hatred and "nigger" inferiority. This attack was justly made on one Rev. J. L. Tucker, of Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. Marshall has the thousand thanks of Christian hearts for so doing.

Mr. Cable's attack was still more unlimited. It was an attack upon the thousands of his race who glory and persist in oppressing the oppressed. He characterizes and gives grace to the man in his celebrated article, "The Freedman in Equity." Of the gifts, and rejections of gifts, legally granted colored men, Mr. Cable makes a general summary thus: "The law proffers to the freedman a certain security of life and property, then holds the respect of the community, the dearest of earthly boons, beyond his attainment. It gives him certain guarantees against thieves and robbers, and then holds him under the unearned contumely mass of

good men and women. It acknowledges in constitutions and statutes his title to American freedom, and then, in daily practice, heaps upon him, in every public place, the most obvious distinctions without giving ear to the humblest plea concerning mental or moral character. It spurns his ambition, tramples upon his languishing self-respect, and indignantly refuses to him, either to buy with money, or earn by excellence of inner life or outward behavior, the most momentary immunity from the public indignity, even for his wife and daughter."

Such voicing as this, lipped and penned as it was, by a white Southerner, tips, and more than reaches the clouds of the sanguine hope. Now the same and sufficient steps made for the political franchise of the black man, will rid the nation of a burden borne. Politicians must take care of politics. If the colored man is enslaved by political methods, then these same methods reversed will certainly redeem his freedom.

Political differences create political parties; the more of us that differ, the more parties we create. But of all, the Republican and Democratic parties head the list of American politics and politicians. Hence one or the other always claims the ascendancy. This is natural. Then these two will be the only parties considered in this work. But a word more about the Brother in Black.

As to the correct method of solving the Southern question, there is a great division of opinions—even among honest men. Some argue that politics is not the medium through which the good can be effected; that the only way of affecting the evil is to refrain from politics, move along in private life, accumulate property, and let the Government take care of itself. To some of these statements, all are duty-bound to submit. That we must acquire business capacities, educate, refine our persons, accumulate property and store away treasures of wealth, no man of honest judgment denies. For no race forever wrapped in tattered garments of slothfulness, poverty, ignorance, and superstition can expect to attain all elements of respectability. That the colored race has inwardly considered, and in every way acknowledged, these plain facts, is indicated by its steady march up the hills of progress—by its advancement in art, science, wealth, civilization and moral integrity. That its orators, authors, historians, writers, poets and scientists are multiplying, is proof that all colored men have not mortgaged their talents and brains—all to indolence and slumber.

Another fact colored men must take in consideration. If we desire to broaden our plane of advancement, and kindle our influence into a national interest, we must take an active part in shaping the policy of our Government. We must help to refine the completeness of American statesmanship. We must touch and polish as others do. We must educate in politics as in business; for both go hand in hand. When business goes wrong, it is often the case that politics is at the head or foot of it. Improve politics, and, to a certain extent, you improve business.

The colored man has a position in politics. His position is defined. At the very outset of his political career he began his march under the spotless banner of Republicanism; and without much variation the same line of march has been his. But all along the weary, dusty line of time, man is subject to changes—endless changes. Sometimes the changes ameliorate his condition; sometimes not; and other times they tend to place him in a worse plight than that of his past career. So, at this critical age of political history, we now have what may be styled two classes of colored politicians, or voters. In justice to both classes, I shall now proceed to an impartial consideration of each, and thereby give all possible reason why a change of political affiliation among colored men, as yet, is worthless, and, more than that, injurious to the race and hurtful to the nation.

One, and the favorite class of colored politicians, always grateful, dear, and true to race and country, and rating patriotism above rebellion, parties above individuals, and awake to the dearness of the past, and greatness of the future—this class still honorably and truly holds fast to the flag that made, blessed, and yet honors a free and united country. And it is glorious to know that such a class has within it all the controlling elements of the race. This is the rule and majority class of colored voters and politicians. All else is but a branching naught. This branching naught is a minority class which believes, or pretends to believe, that time demands the colored man's change of political sentiment. It argues that it is a sin to go beyond the veil of yesterday to seek and trace a record upon which we may base our political standing to-day. It admits that the Republican party freed the country, but claims that it did so more for policy's than virtue's sake.

This age has its many peculiarities. Personal abuse, political slander, and party vengeance all come in the order of time and

place. In spite of the living tendency to civilize, yet all men and bodies of men have had a kind of self-instruction as to the propriety and impropriety of retaliation. Now to the point. The minority or "handful" class of colored politicians claim (for their excuse) that "time changes all things." Who denies it? But it must be borne in mind that some things time changes and proves; while other things, time has made no utter stress either to change or prove. Has time proved that the Republican party is now unfit, and the Democratic party fit, for the colored man's recognition? Has it proved that the American people have no more use for histories than mere parlor ornaments; or that we should no longer refer to past records for past facts? Has it proved that the peerless pen of Lincoln is peer no more, and that now colored men should rise up with indignation, spite, and ingratitude and spurn the godly deeds that spoke death unto the whipping-post, and enabled us to reach forth and kiss skies of eternal liberty? Is this the change that time now invites us to make? God forbid. Time is the surest and most reliable rock of record; and upon it, everything that man does or attempts to do, is somewhere recorded for eternity. For time is the only eternity that is. Therefore, in order to be fair, just, and impartial judges, we must refer to time past, and time present, and thereby attain a fair estimate of the time future.

The Republican party leaped forth into existence when not only the welfare and prosperity of the American Republic were arrested and checked, but when the vital cords of it were being drawn and the life of it threatened. This well-deserved party made its bold and dashing appearance from behind dark clouds of storm and smoke; vested with truth, ironed with fearlessness and armed with justice, it faced the world almost naked, wearing only two garments, the garments of union and freedom. Nobody can deny it. No Christian ever did, no saint ever will. When it had fully mounted the stage of existence, it found this almost a poverty-stricken nation—loving freedom on one hand and slavery on the other. Everywhere flames of destruction were intensely heated and bounding skyward. This country was then hardly a nation. It was like a son rebelling against a father; one part of the country had its foot in the grave, and the other was being drawn thereto. This was done to make human beings brutal slaves; to make the nation not the nation. It was this critical day when

the Republican party made its welcome bow to the busy world.

In spite of all contrary arguments, in spite of all avoidance for the search of evidence and the establishing of the truth, it behooves us to sail beyond the winds of yesterday, and correctly trace the two great parties to date. This should be done, not for vengeance or spite, not because the million colored voters are in a desperate fight for democracy, but to cautiously weigh and consider the unfounded and unreasonable claims of colored men allying themselves with the Democratic party. As I have said, it is but a "handful" of these Democratic disciples, but let us weigh them. They admit (sometimes by a cross-argument) that President Lincoln was the author of the Emancipation Proclamation, but proceed to defend and offend by re-arguing that it was more of an accident than an inattention; that he did not mean a word of it, and would never have written or signed it had it not been for some false policy. In order to corroborate and give polish to their unbelieved, pretended belief, it gives these Democratic allies a certain degree of pleasure to cite and recite particular passages of President Lincoln's inaugural address. These marked and favorite passages of Democratic references consist of those words and lines in which Mr. Lincoln assured the red-hot and jealous-hearted rebels that it was no intention of his to interfere with their slave property. This one statement, the Bourbons, for an ill purpose, have circulated so continually and so repeatedly that its usage has become almost obsolete. But now, a thing once worn out by Bourbons, is frequently picked up and renewed by a few office-seeking colored men.

But a concise and passing review of Lincoln's *ante bellum* record will be sufficient proof that he hated slavery without one word of excuse. He believed that slavery was a curse, that the sooner its existence met death face to face, the better for the nation. In this respect his actions were wholly bent. In all his debates this man of humble birth, but noble endeavors, was never found arguing for slavery on one hand and freedom on the other. A dozen years or more before the dawn of the late Rebellion, Abraham Lincoln championed the cause of liberty with the boldness of a lion and the fearlessness of a God. At that time, distant from the thought of his being President, or of his connection with a rebellion, he began a zealous fight for freedom. It was then that he introduced a bill in Congress that provided for the total aboli-

tion of slaves in the District of Columbia. This bill was pronounced radical—*too* radical for its red-hot antagonists. His motives ever were pure and golden. From one line of march to another, Lincoln never wavered from right to wrong. These were his characteristics when he entered the campaign for the presidency in 1860. More than all, he was elected upon a platform that made this a free and united country. He knew it; so does everybody. No honesty denies it; assassins denied it; they are hanged; rebels denied it; they surrendered. Democrats now frequently deny it, but they contradict and dispute themselves at all odd times and chances. Abraham Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation with motives as pure as purity would have them.

Consider for a moment the platform upon which he was elected. Read that part which said: "That to the union of States, the nation owes its unprecedented increase in population, its development of material resources, its rapid augmentation of wealth, its happiness at home and honor abroad, and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion. . . . That the mere dogma that the Constitution of its own forces carries slavery into any or all of the United States, is a dangerous heresy at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument, is revolutionary in its tendency, and subservient of the peace and harmony of the country. That the normal condition of the Territories of the United States is that of freedom. . . . And we deny the authority of Congress [etc., as in 1856]. That we brand the recent re-opening of African slave trade under the cover of our national flag, as a crime to humanity, and a burning shame to our country and age. In the recent vetoes by the Federal governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in the Territories, are a practical illustration of boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and popular sovereignty embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and a demonstration of the deception and fraud involved therein."

That platform, every word of it, embodied the sacred sentiment of Lincoln's heart and soul. He loved peace, and his impassionate remarks in his inaugural address sought to appease the minds and bury the jealousies of inflamed rebels. That address stands without parallel. It was made under every disadvantage. That he loved liberty better than slavery and

peace better than war, we have everything for witness and nothing to the contrary. When he was making his address he knew that he was standing upon a platform that meant war to rebels and death to slavery. He knew that the country was upon the eve of war, and that that war could be unnecessarily hastened and inflamed by an indignant speech or any very radical remarks from him. He knew that the party upon whose shoulders lay the task of freeing and saving the country was in its infancy; that this party had triumphed at the polls over an evil and undeserved party, and that, by prudence, patience and justice, the same infant party would triumph in Congress, when the death of slavery and the union of the States would be certain. He knew how well the bitter speeches and sayings of his most radical opponents represented the Bourbon section of the country. More than all, he knew that his address was the first of the kind ever delivered in this country, and its nature gave it splendid hope of kissing war flames. Only God can tell what all this man Lincoln did know. Therefore, in spite of his ardent desire for both union and freedom, President Lincoln stood upon a platform that meant both, and with an eye single to harmony and peace, addressed his countrymen in a calm, uninfamed and uninflamming manner. Could saints have expected more?

What can the enemies of the Republican party mean when they make these biased and unholy assertions? They must mean something more than common, or they would not make such daring ventures. If it were not for the effect that argument has, or is intended to have, there would be no argument. When men found themselves in a conversational pinch, they would simply blow whistles, which would answer the purpose of argument; in other words, whistling would then be reasoning. But not so. Reason and argument each has its place. When we argue, we desire for the weight or effect of our argument to be felt; if we fail in this, we say that we have made a displayed failure. So when Democrats assert that Lincoln wrote that heavenly-praised document with an intent to deceive, then these Democrats or Democratic allies mean something. They mean first that their argument is of important weight, and deserves public recognition. But they never acknowledge to a displayed failure. If they fail to receive recognition, then they begin to criticise others as *blind*

partisans. If they mean, as they imply, that Lincoln's speeches and writings were falsely intended, what effect do they desire for such reports to have upon the public? Do they tell us that for the sake of telling, or do they intend thereby for colored men to take the hint and give the Republican party the grand bounce? The latter meaning seems more probable. Well, be it so. If Lincoln wrote for the union of the States, simply that, and nothing more, if the Republicans fought for the union of the States, simply that and nothing more, pray, what did Mr. Jeff. Davis write for? What did the Bourbon South fight for? If the Republican platform of 1860 deserves red-hot condemnation, what kind of a condemnation does the platform of the Secessionists deserve? South Carolina, the headquarters of Republican abuses, rose up in 1860 and led her sister allies to a shameful rebellion against a loyal country. South Carolina's platform embodied that of the States that followed her. Read the platform:—

“We, the people of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain that South Carolina, in exercise of her sovereign will as an independent State, acceded to the Federal Union (May 23, 1788), and that in exercise of the same sovereign will to secede from the said Federal Union.” As to the meaning of this platform, Mr. Alex. H. Stephen, vouching himself for explanation, said:—

“Our new Government, March 21, 1861, is founded upon exactly the opposite idea (to the equality of race); its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery,—subordination to the superior race,—is his natural and normal condition. . . . The negro, by nature, or by that curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system, and by experience we know it is best, not only for the superior but the inferior race, that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the Creator.”

Colored Democrats, how does that sound? Which seems worse, Lincoln's address or Stephen's explanation? My motto is, If you have a desire to grumble and will grumble, grumble about something.

Twenty-five years ago, who would have dreamed that as early as 1888, writers, authors, and orators would have the slightest occasion to indulge in historical figures, refer to all grades of

references, pick up histories, past sayings, articles, orations, debates, petitions, and resolutions, to prove that Lincoln wrote the Emancipation Proclamation with no intent to deceive, and that the Republican party fought for both Union and freedom with no policy in view, save the policy of principle? When, twenty-seven years ago, the Union soldiers, brave men and daring heroes, ventured down the lanes of battle and death, to dare and do at the commands of captains and generals, who commanded the braves to shoulder musket in defense of home and liberty, then not a soul of African blood or sympathy added aught against Lincoln or the Republican party. Then we all could have bathed our cheeks in rivers of tender sympathy, love and reverence for the friends of men and country. But now they tell that those things are past, past and dead—and we should pass them on, unthought of again. Far be it from such. Christian acts and noble deeds, crowned with righteousness and goodness, float forever on with the smiles of time.

As Americans, we are a celebrating people. We love to remind ourselves and our posterity of deeds, though crowned with wrinkles of age, yet nobly done. In 1492, Columbus discovered America; that event we shall celebrate from the sunrise of one generation to the sunset of the last. In 1776, July 4, the Declaration of Independence was jeweled into precious existence. Americans claim no prouder day than that glorious Fourth; and we always give it a joyous and unanimous celebration. In 1789, George Washington became the first President of the United States. Washington is dead; but his tombstone bears fresh and green the memory of his days; and in 1889, this nation will awake the world with hallelujahs of Washington praise. In 1862 Abraham translated and transformed the Declaration of Independence into living English and thereby made its meaning so plain and simple that even a blind man could explain and understand it. This deed we also celebrate. We erect tombstones to the holy cause of that humble and impeachable soul. But when we claim that he wrote one word and meant another, when we through political treachery brand him as a traitor in disguise, then we spurn the cause, mar the name of that good man, and, beastly-like, splash mud on his tombstone.

In the foregoing conclusions it has been no aim of mine to falsely turn the course, or blind the reason, of man; for such, in-

deed, would be inconsistent with the aimed-for and intended light of my argument. It would be treason to man to shut off from him the light and knowledge of the present, and meaningfully bury his reasoning beneath the closing shades of the rusty past. Such should be far beyond the expectation of the most sanguine partisans. It would be ill reasoning and unfair judgment to argue that a man or set of men should advocate one party or oppose the other regardless of the merits or demerits of each. Far be it from my intention.

Trace the Republican party from its earliest to the latest date, you will find that the colored man's loyalty to that party is the born and living principle of man. Both the great parties are but the offspring of some branching principles that rooted and flourished long years ago. But these principles should be justly considered, and both traced to these busy days of 1888.

The Republican party is historically young; but those snowy-headed fathers that handed down to it humble feelings, noble principles and living characters, lived when the party was undreamed of. It is not strange, though true, that more than one hundred years before the American Colonies began their famous struggle for liberty, anti-slavery sentiment had a zealous growth. The Quakers held meetings and protested with life and vigor against the baneful institution of slavery. This noticeable event dates two hundred years back. Every year added to them zeal and hope. They organized themselves into abolition societies, had regular meetings, resolved measures, introduced resolutions, debated and discussed them with an eye single to duty. Among all questions discussed, slavery had no rest. They argued and even warned it in the minds of those who strenuously opposed a mere mention of the question. The cause extended with the advancement of time. In 1701 Massachusetts put herself on record as making an early struggle for liberty. She told the world that freedom was her choice; that she believed involuntary servitude to be inconsistent with, and antagonistic to, the twin sisters of progress and civilization, and that it was criminal and unjust. As early as 1727, a few public men even in the slave-holding districts held it to be in harmony with God and justice to put a final stop to the slave traffic.

Thus began the great struggle and thus it went. It worked its way from individuals to societies, and from societies to Legisla-

tures. Then the contest became hot and lasting. Prayerful and patriotic efforts were made. Anti-slavery struggles were the order of time. Years rolled on. Sectional dispute arose. Everybody claimed victory. The glorious North advocated freedom; the angry and bigoted South, slavery, and both struggled for prestige in Congress. The North held that all Territories should be admitted into the Union as free States; but the sentiment of the South was to the reverse. The following States will serve to give color to the respective sentiment of each section.

Vermont was admitted into the Union in 1791, free; Kentucky, 1792, slave; Tennessee, 1796, slave; Ohio, 1802, free; Louisiana, 1812, slave; Indiana, 1816, free; Mississippi, 1817, slave; Illinois, 1818, free. About this time the sectional control was very close, the North having control of the House and the South of the Senate. In order to outnumber the Northern States, the Southerners laboriously strove for the admission of Arkansas and Missouri. Then the work began in earnest. The result crowned the pages of history with gleaming wonders. Great and wonderful deeds followed, such as heated debates, personal threats, sectional abuse, party ambition, the Missouri Compromise, the threats of disunion, the struggles of abolitionists, the Free Soil party, the wrath of rebels, the assassination of anti-slavery men; and through the whole time, every particle of air was in constant motion—vibrating the rebounding echoes of freedom, till at last the matter in question reached a point of satisfactory conclusion between the historical dates of Fort Sumter and Appomattox. Everybody knows the result.

Along the unwavering line of peace and war the high-aimed and high-aiming Republican party represented those whose principles were consistent with a free and untrampled government. And all along the same line the Democratic party represented the reverse. Let us view the two great parties as they appear and are in 1888.

Though the God-beloved Quakers of two hundred years ago hold no more abolition meetings; though Garrison, Philips, Sumner, Clay, Lincoln, Grant and others from whose honey-dewed lips dropped eloquence of human tones—are mingling with the gray clods of silence and death; though the heroic battles of America have been fought and won; though the Rebellion has been crushed to earth to rise no more, and the dense smoke of

the greatest smoke on earth is gradually falling behind the mountains of time—yet if we look, look and reflect without malice or ill-pride, without bought prejudice or mean contempt—if we cool our passion and calm our minds and examine the records of yesterday, we shall find that the Republican party still heads and leads the world in patriotism, justice, fair play, purity of spirits, and nobility of deeds.

The Democratic party claims that it has advanced. Perhaps so. But its advancement has not been sufficient to wipe off the skim of its prejudice. This is its stumbling-block. It may be true that Northern Democrats have not race prejudice so deeply dyed into their souls as have their Southern allies, but Northern Democracy is a failure without the Bourbon South. And the Bourbons cannot aid Democracy to a great extent without stealing votes, or intimidating voters. So of all the cruelties and outrages heaped upon the black man of the South, none of these Northern Democrats dare condemn. Hence a description of Southern Democracy includes the four corners of the party, for one part would go to pieces without the other.

Two decades ago, the South advocated “ku-klux” bands, mob laws and all manner of human intimidations, and such is its principle still. Then a white man would spit upon a colored lady’s dress without a grunt, and he is applauded for the same offense now. In my early teens, Democratic deviltry has attracted my attention to scenes of sadness. Then if a white man presented himself in the wilds of Texas as a teacher of colored children, he was everywhere styled a carpet-bagger; and more than that, some night (dark or moonshine) he would find himself surrounded with rough men of his color, who were armed with everything a desperado dares to think of; and thus prepared, they at once give orders to the “carpet-bagger” to make his exit from the place in less time than twenty-four hours. The same thing would be repeated in 1888 if the white man in question risked his judgment to trespass upon Southern sentiment. But Texas is not alone, for all the old slave States fall in the same line of injustice. It was but March, 1888, that in South Carolina the life of a railroad agent was jeopardized by a Southern mob; here is the cause summed up: The agent had just conducted a train to South Carolina, that had been employed to carry a lot of colored people from that State to California. He was stopping

at a hotel, and while thinking himself in a land of peace and safety, he was suddenly surprised when all at once a threatening note was handed him. It was a note of warning. It commanded him to "leave" or endure the consequences. Still believing himself to be in a free land, the agent idled around the South Carolina hotel until almost too late, for these angry Bourbons visited him, and, too, with loaded pistols. And it was only the bravery of the hotel people, and the goodness of God, that, perhaps, saved the agent's life. This was to awe him and all others from further conducting trains into South Carolina for the purpose of carrying off her "field hands." This happening was not in 1868, but in 1888. Free men debarred from going to a free country—all in 1888! But, too, South Carolina has her disciples; she was followed by her Southern sisters in 1860; and she is followed by them still.

Southern brutality has no equal. It is a burning shame to the map of the United States. It is a human crime in the superlative degree—a burden to the black man, and a curse to the nation. The Democrats of the North and West wear these garments of principles. They may be fitly called bull-dozing helpers; for they assist and encourage the false and corrupt Democratic claim of the one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes. They rely upon a Democratic South to falsely maintain a Democratic supremacy. They persist in the continuation of the already inaugurated fraud. But figures carry with them more weight and proof than mere words or comment. Therefore, I shall verify my statement, and simplify my meaning, by reproducing an official table contained in an article from the well-known pen of Mr. Murat Halstead. The table sets forth such facts and proof as no one can reasonably dodge. Mr. Halstead introduces the table thus:—

Here is a list of twenty-eight of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, with a majority of colored people in their several districts:—

Representatives.	Districts.	States.	Colored majority.
ALABAMA.			
James F. James.....	1st.....		2,858
H. A. Herbert.....	2d.....		249
William C. Oates.....	3d.....		3,149
A. C. Davidson.....	4th.....		26,612
GEORGIA.			
H. G. Turner.....	2d.....		3,763
Charles F. Crisp.....	3d.....		2,431
Thomas M. Grimes.....	4th.....		2,947

Thomas H. Blount	6th	8,229
H. H. Carlton	8th	4,180
Geo. T. Barnes.....	10th	6,145

LOUISIANA.

N. C. Blanchard.....	4th	5,752
C. Newton.....	5th	22,154
E. M. Roberston.....	6th	4,545

MISSISSIPPI.

J. B. Morgan.....	2d	2,468
T. C. Catchings.....	3d	14,720
T. G. Barry.....	4th	5,773
C. L. Anderson	5th	1,570
T. R. Rockdale	6th	1,327
C. E. Hooker.....	7th	6,440

NORTH CAROLINA.

F. M. Simms....	2d	9,538
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SOUTH CAROLINA.

Samuel Dibble.....	1st	2,236
G. D. Tillman.....	2d	6,643
J. D. Cothran	3d	1,200
W. H. Perry	4th	1,590
J. J. Hemphill.....	5th	2,610
G. W. Dargan	6th	3,296
William Elliot.....	7th	24,899

TENNESSEE.

James Phelan.....	10th.....	3,673
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Below is a continued list of explanation of the Congressional election of 1886:—

Districts.	States.	Republican vote.	Colored voters.
1st	Alabama.....	None	14,889
2d	“	“	2,382
3d	“	“	1,477
1st.....	Arkansas	“	12,291
5th.....	“	“	342
1st.....	Georgia	17	14,148
2d	“	None.....	17,881
3d	“	“	13,297
4th	“	330	17,956
5th	“	None.....	13,188
6th	“	“	20,920
8th	“	“	20,846
10th.....	“	“	17,335
4th	Louisiana.....	“	18,375
5th	“	495	20,089
6th	“	420	18,707
1st	Mississippi	None.....	13,668
4th	“	“	20,597
5th	“	“	19,897
7th	“	“	19,166
1st.....	South Carolina.....	“	12,998
2d	“	“	17,096
3d	“	“	13,757
4th	“	“	17,519
5th	“	“	13,434
6th	“	“	14,886

In the table annexed appear the majority of colored voters over the whites in the twenty-eight Southern districts already mentioned as represented by Democrats, and the Democratic majorities, as returned, are also given:—

Districts.	States.	Colored majority. 1880.	Democratic majority. 1886.
1st	Alabama	2,858	4,236
2d	"	249	5,659
3d	"	3,149	4,662
4th	"	20,612	7,868
2d	Georgia	3,763	2,411
3d	"	2,431	1,704
4th	"	2,947	1,527
6th	"	8,229	1,722
8th	"	6,145	1,944
10th	"
4th	Louisiana	5,753	5,747
5th	"	22,154	13,123
6th	"	4,545	9,250
2d	Mississippi	2,469	2,421
3d	"	14,720	2,136
4th	"	5,773	2,842
5th	"	1,570	4,262
6th	"	1,327	4,462
7th	"	6,440	4,502
2d	North Carolina	9,538	2,078
1st	South Carolina	2,236	3,313
2d	"	6,613	5,189
3d	"	1,200	4,395
4th	"	1,592	4,470
5th	"	2,610	4,691
6th	"	3,296	4,353
7th	"	24,899	532
10th	Tennessee	3,673	39,961

This is what the Democrats call political equality. This is the Democratic idea of a good government. With them, the government is good only when enough colored men can be bulldozed and killed to seat enough unelected Democrats to control the country. Again, this is why the Democrats dodge the issue of fair and honest elections.

They know that all along their treacherous, political path can be traced the blood of colored Republicans from Virginia to Texas. They know that since the war, the Democrats have killed and otherwise unjustly punished such a number of colored men as would be capable of leading a vast army to victory. They know that in so doing they have inaugurated and perpetuated a fraudulent government. This is why they sing the "bloody shirt."

If one Democrat were asked why it is necessary to mob one set of men in order to elect another, how could he possibly

answer? But if there be one Democrat who possesses such wealth of genius and steel of daring as to venture an explanation of the known course of his party, I would be pleased to stand him before this great people and strangle him with plain, hard-sense questions. And I dare say that when he had finished his answers and explanations, the world would apparently be shaken up with a general misunderstanding. For how could he give general satisfaction about the cold blood of colored men that less than six years ago painted the city of Danville, and plunged that fair city into endless mourning—all to put an end to colored officers.

How he could dare go to Carrollton, Mississippi, where a Democratic mob of one hundred armed ruffians, unmasked, unalarmed, unhindered, and unawed by legal authorities, advanced in a court of action, presented themselves before a Democratic judge, attorney, and jury, unshouldered their guns, took deliberate aim at innocent, unarmed, unwarned, and unprotected colored men, and made that so-called legal spot a slaughter-pen of human lives! How could he go there and explain his party to be right? Mr. Democrat, again, how is it in Texas, Louisiana's biggest sister? How is it that Brenham, the county seat of Washington County, became the scene of so much trouble and the breaking of colored men's necks from the result of the congressional election of 1886? How is it that Washington, the population of which is eighty per cent colored, went Democratic, and, too, after a Democratic correspondent had sent abroad such correspondence as the following: "Washington County will go Democratic. The county has been strongly Republican ever since the war; but now the Democrats are determined that radical rule in this county shall be ended forever."

Mr. Democrat, Texas may prove too large for your explanation. If so, go to Alabama and explain there. How is it that in three congressional districts not a one of the 18,748 colored voters voted in the election of 1886? How is it in Georgia? How is it, Mr. Democrat, that in nine congressional districts, only 347 of the 115,580 colored voters voted? How is it in Arkansas, that in two congressional districts not one of the 12,633 colored voters voted? How is it in Louisiana, that in three congressional districts only 915 of the 57,171 colored voters voted? How is it in Mississippi, that in four congressional districts not one of

the 73,328 colored voters voted? How is it in South Carolina, that in six congressional districts not one of the 89,690 colored voters voted? Mr. Democrat, you cannot explain, and thousands of plain questions could be added to your list of vexation; but it is useless; for you will only sing the familiar old tune, the "bloody shirt."

It is neither in the power of tongue nor force of pen to give even a dim description of the black man's suffering in Dixie. For there he is not only ostracized because of his Republicanism, but also for Africanism. The laws of society, the laws of the church, and the laws of both country and State, operate successively and successfully against the Southern colored man, and simply because he is colored. Even in this historic year of 1888, thousands and thousands of colored men are serving their days out in Southern prisons without having the least suspicion of crime. They are tried in Southern courts, by Southern men, before Southern juries, with all justice and fairness barred against them. They may have evidence so plain and so bountiful as to readily award them a diploma of innocence, yet, if these black and innocent criminals are the least disliked by their white neighbors, the minds of the jury are already made up before the attorney begins his argument for or against the defendants. The sentiment of the community is the sentiment of the jury. Hence, the colored defendants' unjust and unwelcome ride to the Southern whipping-posts. As to Georgia, Mr. Cable corroborates this statement. He tells us that the number of State prisoners of Georgia, October 20, 1880, was 1,173. Of this number 102 were white and 1,071 colored. This is a fair specimen of legal equality in every Southern State; that is, saying that out of every 79,812 white persons of Georgia, only one commits a crime; while out of every 676 colored persons, one is tried and convicted of some accused crime; or the convictions stand ten colored persons to one white. But only once consider the proportions of pardons, and the table is reversed. For Mr. Cable further states that the number of pardons granted the year then ending was 52 in all, 22 of which were white, and 30 colored. How does that compare in proportion with the number of white and colored prisoners? There were, as stated, 1,071 colored prisoners; of this number less than three per cent were pardoned, while more than twenty-one per cent of the white

prisoners met with the same favor. This is the Bourbon idea of "nigger" equality, and the colored politician who will dare swallow such pills next November has a heart more than heartless.

Northern Democrats may cry out, Innocent, innocent! Southern Democrats may cry out, Peace, peace! But so long as Southern brutality, serpent-like, can coil and breathe, there can be no peace. So long as this method of Democratic civilization dominates human forces, so long will our Government hold from the black man the jewels it so freely promised him. So long as this system of human outlaws is upheld and defended by Church and State, so long will the veil of corruption continue to spread and reach from gulf to lake-shore. So long as the Republican be mute and neutral on this all-important subject, so long will the cut-throats of the South continue their unjust hold on our Government and thereby perpetuate fraud and ruin upon this fair nation.

If this nation does not see to it that this Southern evil be ended, it will not always remain in Dixie and this will not always be a nation. The evil soon or late will take its flight across the plains, across the one and the only line of political division. Then our much and too-often-praised Government will be darkened with one vast cloud of political corruption. General Harrison gives a full hint of this fact in his Detroit speech. Below is his speech in full, which is manly, fearless, patriotic and meets the approval of all law-abiding citizens. He said:—

"MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MICHIGAN CLUB: I feel that I am at some disadvantage here to-night by reason of the fact that I do not approach Detroit from the direction of Washington City. I am a dead Statesman [no, no]; but I am a living and rejuvenated Republican. I have the pleasure to-night, for the first time in my life, of addressing an audience of Michigan Republicans. Your invitations in the past have been frequent and urgent, but I have always felt that you knew how to do your own work; that we could trust stalwart Republicans of this magnificent State, to hold this key of the lakes against all comers. I am not here to-night in expectation that I should be able to help you by any suggestion, or even kindle into greater earnestness that zeal and interest in your Republican principles which your presence here to-night so well attests. I am here rather to be helped myself, to bathe my soul in this high atmosphere of patriotism and pure Republicanism [applause] by spending a little season in the presence of those who loved and honored and followed the Cromwell of the Republican party, Zachariah Chandler. [Tremendous applause.]

“The sentiment which has been assigned me to-night, ‘Washington, the Republican, a free and equal ballot the only guarantee of the nation’s security and perpetuity,’ is one that was supported with a boldness of utterance, with a defiance that was unexcelled by any leader, Zachariah Chandler [applause] always and everywhere. As Republicans we are fortunate, as has been suggested in the fact that there is nothing in the history of our party, nothing in the principles that we advocate, to make it impossible for us to gather and celebrate the birthday of any American who honored and defended his country. [Cheers.] We could even unite with our Democratic friends in celebrating the birthday of Jackson, because we enter in fellowship with him, when we read his story of how, by proclamation, he put down nullification in South Carolina. [Applause.] We could meet with them to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, because there is no note in the immortal Declaration or in the Constitution of our country, that is out of harmony with Republicanism. [Cheers.] But our Democratic friends are under limitations. They have a short calendar of saints, and they must owe it from the history of those whose names are on the calendar of the best achievements of their lives. I do not know what the party is preserved for. Its history reminds me of the boulder in the stream of progress, impeding and resisting its onward flow, and moving only by the force that it resists.

“I want to read a very brief extract from a most notable paper that was to-day, in the Senate at Washington, read from the desk by its presiding officers, the farewell address of Washington; and while it is true that I cannot quote or find in the writings of Washington anything specifically referring to the ballot-box fraud, to tissue ballots, to intimidation, to forged tally sheets [cheers] for the reason that these things had not come in his day to disturb the administration of his Government, yet in the comprehensiveness of the words he uttered, like the comprehensive declaration of the Holy Book, we may find admonition and guidance even with reference to a condition of things that his pure mind could have never contemplated.

“Washington said: ‘Liberty is indeed little less than a name where the Government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of factions to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by law, and maintain the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of persons and property.’

“If I had read that to a Democratic meeting they would have suspected that it was an extract from some Republican speech. [Laughter.] My countrymen, this Government, that which I like to think of as my country—for acres, or railroads, or farm products, or bulk meat, or Wall Street, or all combined, are the country that I love. It is the institution, the form of government, the frame of civil society, for which that flag stands and

which we love. It is what Mr. Lincoln so tersely, yet so felicitously described as the Government of the people, by the people and for the people; a Government of the people because they instituted it—the Constitution reads, ‘We, the people, have ordained;’ by the people, because it is in all its departments controlled by them; for the people, because it states as its object of supreme attainments, the happiness, security, and peace of the people that dwell under it. [Applause.]

“The bottom and principal sentiment is called the corner-stone sentiment; the foundation of structure of our Government is the principle controlled by the majority. It is more than the corner-stone, or foundation. This structure is a monolith, one from foundation to apex, and that monolith stands for and is the principle of Government by majorities ascertained by constitutional methods. Everything else about our Government is appendage, is ornamentation. This is the monolithic column that was reared by Washington and his associates. For this the War of the Rebellion was fought; for this and its more perfect security the Constitution was framed; and when this principle perishes, the structure which Washington and his compatriots reared, lies dishonored in the dust. The equality of the ballot demands that our appointments in the States for legislative and congressional purposes shall be so adjusted that there shall be equality in the influence and the power of every elector, so that it shall not be true anywhere that one man counts two, or one and a half, and some other man counts only one-half.

“But someone says that this is fundamental. All must accept this truth—not quite. My countrymen, we are comforted by this condition of things in menace: To-day a Government by the majority expressed by an equal and free ballot, is not only threatened, but it has been overturned. Why is it to-day that we have legislation threatening the industries of this country? Why is it that the paralyzing shadows of free trade fall upon the manufacturers and upon the homes of our laboring class? It is because the laboring vote in the Southern States is suppressed. There should be no question about the security of these principles so long established by law, so eloquently set forth by my friend from Connecticut, but from the fact that the workingmen of the South have been deprived of their influence in choosing representatives at Washington.

“But some timid soul is alarmed at the suggestion. He says we are endeavoring to rake over the coals of an extinct conflict, to see if we may not find some embers in which there is yet sufficient vitality to rekindle the strife. Some man says you are actuated by some unfriendly feelings towards the South. You want to fight the war over again; you are flaunting the ‘bloody shirt.’ My countrymen, these epithets and that talk never have any terror for me. I do not want to fight the war over again—and I am

sure no Northern soldier does—and there must be many here of gallant Michigan regiments, some of which I had the pleasure during the war of seeing in action; not one of these wish to renew the strife or fight the war over again. Not one of this great assemblance of Republicans who listen to me to-night, wishes ill to the South. If it were left to us here to-night, the streams of her prosperity would be filled. We would gladly hear of reviving and stimulated industry. We gladly hear of increasing wealth in the South. We wish them to share the onward and upward movement of the great people. It is not a question of the war; it is not a question of what was done between '61 and '65 at all, that I am talking about to-night. It is what they have done since '65. It is what they did in '84 when a President was to be chosen for this country.

“Our controversy is not one of the past; it is of the present. It has relation to that which will be next November when our people are again called to choose a President. What is it we ask? Simply that the South live up to the terms of surrender at Appomattox. When that great chieftain received the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, when those who had for four years confronted us in the battle stacked arms in surrender, the terms were simply these: You shall go to your homes and shall be there unmolested so long as you obey the laws in force where you reside. That is the sum of our demand. We ask nothing more of the South to-night than that they should cease to use this recovered citizenship which they had forfeited in the Rebellion to oppress and disfranchise those who equally with themselves under the Constitution are entitled to vote—that and nothing more.

“I do need to enter into details; the truth to-day is that the colored Republican vote of the South, and with it, and by consequence, the white Republican vote of the South, is deprived of all effective influence in the administration of this Government. The additional power given by the colored population of the South in the Electoral College was more than enough to reverse; yes, largely more than reverse the present Democratic majority of the House of Representatives. How are we to insist that everywhere, North and South, in this country of ours, no man shall be deprived of his ballot by reason of his politics? There is not in all this land a place where any rebel soldier is subject to any restraint or is denied the fullest exercise of the elective franchise. Shall we not insist that what is true of those who fought to destroy the country, shall be true of my men who fought for it, or loved it like the black men of the South did [applause]; that to belong to Abraham Lincoln's party shall be respectable and respectable everywhere in America? [Cheers.]

“But this is not simply a Southern question. It has become to be a national question; for not only is the Republican vote suppressed in the South, but I ask you to turn your attention to

as fair and prosperous a territory as ever stood at the door of the Federal Union, asking admission to the sisterhood of States. See yonder in the Northwest, Dakota, the child of all these States, with 500,000 loyal, intelligent, law-abiding, prosperous American citizens robbed to-day of all participation in the affairs of this nation. The hospitable door which has always opened to Territories seeking admission, is insolently closed in her face, and why? Simply because the predominating sentiment in the Territory of Dakota is Republican—that and nothing more. And that is not all. The question of a free and honest ballot has crossed the Ohio River. The overflow of these Southern frauds has reached Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—indicating to my mind a national conspiracy, having its center and most potent influence in the Southern States, but reaching out with Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, in its attempt by fraud to possess the Senate of the United States. Go down to Cincinnati and look at the election returns, shamelessly, scandalously manipulated to return members to the Senate and House of Ohio, in order that that grand champion of Republican principles, John Sherman, might be defeated. Go yonder with me to Chicago, and look into those frauds upon the ballot, devised and executed in furtherance of the same iniquitous scheme intended to defeat the re-election of that gallant soldier, that peerless defender of Republican principles, John A. Logan, of Illinois. [Great cheering.]

“And those people have even invaded Indiana. At the last election in my own State, first by gerrymander, they disturbed and utterly destroyed the equality of suffrage in that State. It was so framed as to give the Democrats a majority of fifty on joint ballot; and Indiana gave a popular Republican majority on members of the Legislature, of 10,000, and yet they claimed to have the Legislature. And that is not all. Then when gerrymander had failed, they introduced the eraser to help it out [laughter], scratched our tally sheets, shamelessly transferred ballots from Republican to Democratic candidates. How are we going to deal with these fellows? As to the Southern aspect of this question, I have first to suggest that it is in the power of the free people of the North, those who love the Constitution and a free and equal ballot, those who, while claiming this high privilege for themselves, will deny it to no other men, to elect a President who shall not come in the enjoyment of the usufruct of these crimes against the ballot. [Applause.] That will be great gain. And there should be placed in the Southern States in every official exercising federal authority, men whose local influence is against these frauds, instead of such men as the district attorney appointed by Mr. Cleveland, who in this recent outrage upon the ballot of Jackson, Mississippi, was found among the most active conspirators, when, by a public resolution of a Democratic committee, Republicans of that city were named away from the polls.

“There is a vast power in protest. Public opinion is the most potent monarch this world knows to-day. Czars tremble in its presence; and we may bring to bear upon this question a public sentiment, by bold and fearless denunciation of it, that will do a great deal towards it. Why, my countrymen, we meet now and then with these Irish Americans and lift our voice in denunciation of the wrongs which England is perpetrating upon Ireland. [Applause.] We do not elect any members of Parliament, but the voice of free America, protesting against these centuries of wrongs, has had a most potent influence in creating, stimulating, and sustaining the liberal policy of William E. Gladstone and his associates. [Great applause]. Cannot we do as much for our oppressed Americans? Can we not make our appeal to these Irish-American citizens who appeal to us in behalf of their oppressed fellow-countrymen—to rally with us in this crusade against election frauds and intimidation in this country that they have made their own?

“There may be legislative remedies in sight when we can once again possess both branches of the National Congress, and have an executive at Washington who has not been created by these crimes against the ballot. Whatever they are, we must seek them out and put them into force, not in a spirit of enmity against the men who fought against us—forgetting the war, but only insisting that now nearly a quarter of a century after it is over, a free ballot shall not be denied to the Republicans in those States where rebels have been rehabilitated with a full citizenship. [Applause.] Every question waits the settlement of this. The tariff question would be settled already if the six million black laborers in the South had their due representation in the House of Representatives. [Applause.]

“And my soldier friends who are interested that liberal provisions should be made for the care of the disabled soldier, are they willing that this question should be settled without the presence, in the House of Representatives, of the power and influence of those faithful black men of the South, who were always their friends? [Applause.] The dependent pension bill would pass over the President’s veto, if these black friends of the Union soldier had their fair representation in Congress. [Applause.] The question of a free and equal ballot is the dominant question; it lies at the foundation of our Government, embracing all others, because it involves the question of a free and fair tribunal, to which every question shall be submitted for arbitrament and final determination. Therefore, I would here, as we shall in Indiana, lift our protest against these wrongs which are committed in the name of Democracy; lift high our demand and utter it with resolution, that it shall no longer be true that anywhere in this country men are disfranchised for opinion’s sake.

“I believe that there are indications that the power is taking

hold of the North. Self-respect calls upon us. Does some devotee at the shrine of mammon say it would destroy the public peace? Do we hear from New York and her marts of trade that it is a disturbing question and we must not breach it? I beg our friends and those who thus speak, to recollect that there is no peace, that there can be no security for commerce and security for the perpetuity of our Government, except by the establishment of justice the world over."

If this speech be not golden sentiment woven into patriotic music, crowned with justice and loaded down with the grace of man, what can it be? Loyal citizens know its worth. But if General Harrison had made this same speech in any Southern State, the consequence would have been a source of serious apprehension. The same may be said of Mr. Blaine's Augusta speech; the same of Senator Sherman's and the utterances of other fearless champions of human rights. North of Mason and Dixon's line, they are at liberty to think—think and express. But south of that line, such rights are limited, and at most times and places, totally prohibited. But a Southerner may cross the Ohio, invade the precious soil of the North, set foot upon the hills or in the village towns of far Minnesota, and even there express his rebel sentiments in full and unharmed. Republican principles permit this—all round and over; at all times and places. This is the Republican idea of a Republican Government.

The Democrats boast of a solid South. But that element and principle which enter in co-partnership to make the South solid, are but a packed and solid mass of political corruption and rottenness. Without this, the South has never been, and will never be, solid.

Political degradations, betrayals, disappointments, revolution, convulsions, mysterious upheavals and other unnamable emotions, go forever on with the smiles of time. By reason of this fact we always have around us a dissension of men and a formation of new parties, natural, singular or indifferent. And thus the political cloud goes on—ever changing and never still. But mark the wonder. The main tide of restlessness and dissensions has its deep channels and sustaining streams not in the South, but the North. Of all branching and newly-formed parties, nearly all have their source north of the old political line, and it is seldom that the mouth of these extend far south of that line. That much can be said for the South. There the two

parties are about the same now as twenty years ago. Both races of that section have made but slight change of their political sentiments since war days. Since that time, Southern Democrats have exercised such little variation of their political faith that human genius can scarcely detect it. Whatever may be the opinion of an average Southern Democrat concerning labor, tariff, prohibition or other great or minor questions of the day, still he would dare and stab everything else than his party on the election day. The same of the colored man in Dixie land. He, too, would sacrifice everything else than his party on election day. So, taking everything in consideration, nowhere above a political sea or beneath a political sky, nowhere in this or any other country, is there so nearly a political sameness as in the Southern States. But when we call under our survey figures and facts concerning the last three or four national elections in Southern States, everything comes without reason and the whole matter summed up is a logical inconsistency. But the truth itself will talk when we take in consideration or scale a few dots of this unfounded, unreasonable Democratic rascality.

In 1872 Virginia gave a Republican majority of 1,772; but 1876, when the Democrats inaugurated a wholesale system of fraud, Virginia went Democratic by a majority of 44,112; 1868, South Carolina gave a Republican majority of 17,064, and in 1872, it was 49,400; but in 1876, the year of Democratic fraud, Bourbon greed brought the honest Republican majority down to the disgraceful and shameful figures of 964; and in 1884, the South Carolina Democrats counted themselves a majority of 48,112. In 1868 Grant carried North Carolina by a majority of 12,168, and in 1872 he had a majority of 24,675; but in 1876, the old pine-tree Democrats, burning with revenge, reversed the political table, and wrote Tilden a majority of 17,010; and in 1884, holding to the same pen and ink, they recorded Cleveland a plurality of 17,884. In 1872, Mississippi gave a Republican majority of 34,887; but in 1876 the Mississippi Bourbons shocked the nation when they claimed a majority of 59,568. But they were Democrats, and their claim was granted. In 1884 these same Democrats became so honest as to satisfy themselves with a small plurality of 33,001. In 1872, our orange-flavored Florida gave a Republican majority of 2,336; but in 1876, the Democrats almost stole it, leaving the Republicans with a scanty sum of 926

in the lead; while in 1884 those Democrats endeavored to give Cleveland at least a plurality of 3,738. The endeavor had its effect. In 1868, Alabama went Republican by a majority of 4,272; but in 1876, the tide changed and the Democrats carried Alabama by a majority of 33,772; while in 1884, they wrote Cleveland a plurality of 33,529. Arkansas, Georgia, Tennessee and Texas would only swell the list of Democratic corruption and inconsistency. But the already-made comparisons give evidence of the injustice and never-ending cruelty heaped and waged upon Southern Republicans. There is no getting around it, the Democrats are determined to rule or ruin; the nation had better wake up.

Colored men, how long will you swallow these pills? How long shall the "handful" of us continue to fall, like hungry pigs, to Democratic biddings? How long before we resist Democratic outrages and insults? How long?

The Democrats have a hold, a false, fraudulent, and a dishonest hold upon this, the grandest and foremost Government in the world. They make and urge fraudulent claims, and this, too, without one word of excuse. They claim that they have exchanged their old principles for new and better ones; not so. They claim that they are the progressive, advanced, and advancing party; not so. They claim themselves capable of running this Government on economical terms and taking care of the nation; not so, for the nation takes care of them. They claim the famous 153 electoral votes theirs; not so; honesty divides these votes, but rascality makes them solid. From year in to year out, Democratic claims are corrupt and corrupting. Had I no reason for these assertions, and no grounds for proof, as far as my lips and my tongue are concerned, these remarks would go unheard of forever. But evidence is not wanting; marks of proof are recorded, and these marks will show that Democratic rule is bringing our Government down to the fame of inequality. Below, I submit a table based upon the last census. It consists of a number of States, North and South, and the number of Representatives from each. The Southern States will consist of those in which the colored people are, politically, unrepresented; therefore, the colored population of these States will not be given:—

STATES.	Representa- tives.	Inhabitants.	Inhabitants to each Representative.
Alabama.....	8	662,328	82,791
Connecticut.....	4	623,312	155,828
Arkansas.....	5	510,611	102,122
Minnesota.....	5	780,806	156,161
Florida.....	2	141,802	70,901
Delaware.....	1	146,648	146,648
Georgia.....	10	814,251	81,425
Wisconsin.....	9	1,315,480	146,162
Tennessee.....	10	1,139,120	113,912
Iowa.....	11	1,624,112	147,646
Texas.....	11	1,197,499	108,863
Michigan.....	9	1,629,064	181,007
Louisiana.....	6	455,007	75,834
California.....	6	864,686	144,114
Mississippi.....	7	479,371	68,481
Kansas.....	7	995,152	142,164
South Carolina.....	7	391,224	53,032
New Jersey.....	7	1,130,741	161,534

In the above table, we have one-half of the States compared, nine of which are Northern and Western, and the other half are Southern States. The table is so arranged that one Southern State is placed above or beneath a Northern or Western State, so that the reader may see the comparison as he reads. When analyzed, the comparison becomes more and more ridiculous to the eye of understanding. Alabama, with a represented population of 662,328 inhabitants, has eight Representatives, or one to every 82,791 inhabitants, while Connecticut, with 623,312 inhabitants, or nearly as many as Alabama, has only four Congressmen, or one to every 155,828 souls. Thus the reader can easily scale the table for himself. A still more complete summary could be thus stated: Four Northern States, Delaware, Indiana, Kansas and New Jersey, have only twenty-eight Congressmen for a population of 4,350,635, while four Southern States, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, have twenty-eight Congressmen for a population of only 1,987,930 inhabitants. But still more complete, the comparison is thus summed: The nine Southern States have sixty-six Congressmen for a combined population of 5,791,213, or a Congressman for every 87,745 inhabitants; while the nine Northern and Western States have only fifty-nine Congressmen for a combined population of 9,110,003 inhabitants, or only one Congressman to every 154,406 inhabitants. These figures of review carry with them a double signification. It means, first, that the colored population of the Southern States are wholly disfranchised, or, if the assertion be reversed as to

section, we find that in the nine Northern and Western States, 3,318,790 living souls are disfranchised. Any way you go at it, the Democrats, to control the Government, voluntarily disfranchise between three and four million people. This is the Bourbon rule of political equality.

The causes, circumstances, and the known methods by which these political scandals are carried on with perfection in Southern States are obvious. The general tone of Southern papers, Southern politicians, Southern leaders and rulers, is such as to encourage and inspire the dominant forces to work ruin upon the nation and the nation's children. That the reader may bear witness to this truth, on a few of the following pages I shall submit a few editorials, a few sayings and doings of Southern Bourbons that give voice to Southern violations, Southern injustice and brutality, Southern bigotry and self-conceitedness, Southern cruelties and outrages waged against the children of Ham, and that, too, to the ruin and shame of our country's fame.

I may first refer to Jackson, Mississippi, where the colored people have unjustly arrayed against them not only the Bourbon politicians, but the Bourbon *gospel preachers*. Rev. J. L. Tucker, who delights to stand in a Mississippi pulpit and spit gobbles of filth on a "nigger" for Democratic revenge, this man is an ordinary specimen of a Southern Democratic divine. Note the result: Jackson becomes one of the headquarters of Democratic outrages. This was seen in the late election held in that city. A statement of such action is now in order. To begin with: Previous to the election, it was reported that a serious difficulty arose between a white and a colored man. A fight ensued; and, according to the reports, the colored man "got the best" of his white antagonist, which resulted in the latter's death. The consequence was as usual: The Democrats resolved a revenge; they met, made speeches, debated, and passed incendiary resolutions. One of the resolutions resolved and passed, was to circulate upon a placard two Winchesters, intersecting each other and ready for action, beneath which were as many six-shooters similarly arranged. This picture itself suggested to the colored voters thoughts and facts untold and untellable. It was a political warning. The warning was fully comprehended. But fearing that the picture might fail to tell all that was meant, the blood-heated and blood-heating Democrats, in convention assembled, resolved the following:—

“Driven by no sudden passion or blind impulse, but actuated by a firm and deliberate sense of duty we owe to ourselves and our race, we hereby warn the negroes that if any one of their race attempts to run for office in the approaching municipal election, he does so at his supremest peril.”

Of course, after the circulation of the above mild and determined address, the colored men, “driven by a sudden passion” of understanding, met and resolved the following:—

“That in the interest of peace and harmony, and the protection of life and property, the colored people refrain from voting or in any way participating in said election.

“*Resolved*, further, That the colored candidates for Aldermen are hereby withdrawn.”

The Democrats having been thus assured of success, and of having no Republican opposition, again met and thus resolved:—

“*Whereas*, The Convention having received the assurance that hereafter no negro Alderman or negro policeman will be a part of the city government, and that in the election to be held Monday next, *none but white men will vote*, the negroes having voluntarily stayed away from the polls; therefore be it resolved,” etc.

This is the danger, this the outrages that Southern Republicans encounter from time to time, and from year out to year in. Then the Democrats have the insulting audacity to say that the “negroes voluntarily stayed away from the polls.” Think of this. Think of a vast army of an organized Democratic mob, in convention assembled, unanimously resolving and agreeing to circulate designs of guns and revolvers to maliciously warn colored voters from the polls, and simultaneously drawing resolutions menacing the lives of colored men if they dare vote or run for office. Think of the Constitution and of the Mississippi Democrats stamping it beneath the mud of scorn. Comment is weak; space and time admit of nothing but facts. Therefore, dear reader, draw your own conclusion, and let us pass on.

Mississippi has a sister, a noted and famous sister, that proposes to be not a leap behind other Southern States in the steady and unbroken line of march against human rights and human liberty. Everybody that knows anything of Southern politics, knows Louisiana’s attitude to the colored man. Take, for instance, New Orleans, the chief city of the Gulf States. In that city is published the *Picayune*, a representative Democratic paper, whose tone is the common tone of Democracy—and its hatred for the

colored race has no signs of limitation. For it was but a short time ago that the Bourbon editor of this Democratic organ took an advantage of an occasion to outpour his heap and flow of wrath and temper in his undignified remarks concerning the social presence of the colored race in the Southern States. His article of censure and unjust condemnation was headed, "Another Negro Exodus." He scornfully essayed upon a late plan or suggestion of organizing a wholesale system of colored emigration from the Southern States. This inconsistent Democrat half-way spurns the move, and yet pretendedly applauds it. After many vain words of expenditure, and becoming almost bankrupt for the want of words to express himself, and almost exhausted with Democratic deviltry, jealousy and prejudice, he unloads himself thus:—

"While we are the reverse of sanguine as to the success of the Kansas Negro Immigration Company, we are in doubt as to whether it would be wise on the part of the Southern people to attempt to thwart or discourage its enterprise. The presence of the prolific negro race in these States, is a source of very serious apprehension to many thoughtful and far-sighted men. The negro is not a success as a citizen. He has not shown himself an intelligent suffragan, and whenever he has had the opportunity of controlling legislation, he has been extravagant, corrupt, and in every way inefficient. He has been and we fear that he will become more and more a source of corruption to the white people. The presence of a great body of ignorant and venal voters, is a standing temptation to politicians of all parties. When such a body holds the balance of power, the heaviest bribe will determine the issue, and the party struggle will be resolved to a mere question of money.

"It is true that under existing conditions the negro is very valuable as a laborer; but as we have said, his place could be easily filled if he were to take his departure. There is no doubt at all that hundreds of thousands of white men would be induced by the superior physical attraction of the section, to settle here but for the presence of the negroes."

This vile and degraded utterance was lipped and penned not in the bloody days of old, but in a cold day of February, 1888; in a year of political forgetfulness; in a year when the Democrats are making a corrupt and undermining bid for the colored vote—North, South, and everywhere. Still a few colored independents are blind.

The Louisiana journalist tells that the "presence of the negro race" keeps down the tide of white immigration to the Southern

States. The reason may be and is applicable to some whites, but it certainly is that class of whites that occupies the same low level of the typical Southerner. But the better class,—the class of moral culture and high-pitched civilization,—this class of white citizens refuses to move South because of the low and degraded level to which the outrageous whites of that section are so generally and determinedly inclined. The better class of whites both North and West know too well the inhuman and savage-like habits of their Southern brethren. It is the ignorant and stubborn whites, as well as the ignorant blacks, that bar the progress of Southern civilization. This self-conceited editor grows more conceited when he tells us that “the presence of the prolific negro in these States is a source of serious apprehension to the thoughtful and far-sighted men.” That is true—every word of it. And if Southern Democrats persist in their brutal march of human oppression, sooner or later the cloud of seriousness will eventually become so black and heavy that showers of tyranny will pour in so thick and fast as to arouse the rebellious Southerners to the wake of judgment.

Our many and eminent colored men who by far excel the narrow-minded and jealous-hearted editor of the *Picayune*, stand as every-day denials of the assertion that “the negro as a citizen is not a success.”

According to circumstances and in proportion to numbers we can find as many whites in the rural districts of the South who, as well as the colored population, are not a success as citizens. I myself am a native child of the South. I was born in Northeast Texas, and idled the twenty-four years of my life there among ignorant whites as well as ignorant blacks. Many a school-day have I spent in Texas—and, too, in a community where the ignorance of the whites superseded that of the blacks to a degree of “serious apprehension.” To my delight, I have lived in this community both as laborer and student. And there did my teens, precious teens, begin and end. In this country community, for years, I was a proud school-boy; and the approaching years of my manhood still found me proud. My community I loved. It was half white and half black. Of the two races I had an every-day knowledge. I saw them both struggling with might, but to different ends and for different motives. The colored race made daily strides to be a success as citizens—while the whites made

daily strides to prevent the success of their colored neighbors. But anyhow the colored people built a good school, built it with their own energy and money. They named it—named it themselves. West Chapel was the golden name of this colored school. West Chapel was the idol of the blacks and envy of the whites.

Many are the mornings that the famed West Chapel bell called me to the familiar old spot I now so dearly adore. I was with this school and of this school in its infancy. I saw its every bound and leap to the front. I saw and dreaded its difficulties. I was with it in progress. I saw its patrons and friends. I knew and loved them all. My heart was with these friends. I often saw them sacrificing home necessities all for the benefit of West Chapel.

They succeeded in doing good. But all along the line they had their ups and downs. With and around them mingled the worse terrors of life. These terrors were more savage in plight and heart than even the Hottentots of Africa. These terrors were white, not black. They envied our school, our teachers, our students, and, more than all, our learning. These semi-civilized neighbors were actually too ignorant, jealous, and superstitious to permit their motley and uncultured children to go to school for fear that they might have the displeasure of passing and repassing the colored school-children. Thus this class of whites preferred to see their children go filthy and uneducated from week in to week out than to have them daily meet the intelligence of the colored population. Thus the blacks of that community labored with all odds against them. The whites grumbled, but the blacks plodded on. All the teachers of West Chapel were cultured and toned. They were bright and progressive young men from a high institution of learning (Fisk University); something that our white neighbors never intended or desired to see. The colored children seemed to have had an art of learning that was too generally envied by nearly all of the white children. The patrons were highly encouraged. Many of them—women and men—would often quit work, and walk three or four miles to hear “the little class” read in the Second Reader; “they could read so sweet.”

During all this time our white neighbors were fretting, pouting and grumbling. Nothing could pacify them. They were living upon a boiling sea of restlessness. Their constant

chat was: "Stop that old nigger bell; send them nigger children to the cotton-patch." Still the colored neighbors determined to make a success as citizens, gently shouldered all savage abuses and marched on. Our progress soon took the public's eye. We gave examinations, every one of which proved us more and more a success as citizens. For miles and miles away, everybody's attention was aroused. Finally "examination days" became the height and glory of West Chapel's ambition. And on these famous days thousands poured in to see and witness our voluntary efforts to make a success as citizens. Our white neighbors turned out too—but curiosity brought the majority of them. And this majority would never come till about "dinner-time." They had a fondness for barbecued meat and therefore came.

Others of our white neighbors, who would come before "dinner-time," would probably come inside the school-room, be attentive, hear the little classes read, and perhaps would remain till the multiplication table was repeated once or twice. But algebra, geometry, philosophy and the like were too much for our envious and jealous neighbors. When these studies were called for, and a class of black girls and boys would rise with algebras, geometries and philosophies in hand, then nearly all of our white neighbors would adjourn to the woods. Others probably remained to hear the calling of the Latin and Greek class—but no sooner than the called was finished our neighbors were gone.

But there was still another class of our white neighbors who would never come any nearer than fifty or a hundred yards of the school-room; they stopped for the convenience of the shade, that they might there crack jokes and sell water-melons all day. Thus the stride continued. Time passed on. The wrath of our neighbors became more and more indignant as years and progress rolled on. And their envy became a "source of serious apprehension." And as true as there is a just God, this source culminated in the ashes of West Chapel. They maliciously burned our school; burned it to the earth, and burned it at night. All the time this evil was, with the colored people, a "source of serious apprehension." Jealousy, prejudice and envy inspired these white semi-civilized midnight ruffians to kindle flames of destruction to the house of knowledge. It is the presence of this class of Southerners that retard immigration.

But more still. This is a famous and historic year. State

elections are predicated of the popular sentiment everywhere, except in the South. Louisiana has had her election. Everybody knows the result. Both the great parties nominated candidates. The Democratic Governor, at the outset, promised the Republicans of that State protection, and that a fair election was assured. Republicans everywhere were highly encouraged, for they knew that in case of a fair election in Louisiana, the Republicans would carry the creole State by a decent and handsome majority. But this Democratic promise was broken. Week after week Democratic editors, orators and leaders incited their country ruffians to do all in their power to prevent a full Republican vote. The ruffians obeyed. The Democratic desire was accomplished. The Democrats made one issue, and only one ; that issue was, *No negro voting; no Republican office-holding.* That issue won. Scandalous reports went abroad, but they were true, all true. One of the reports was this: Two colored Republicans, Johnson and Hawkins, each of whom was a State Representative for eight years, and each of whom was running for the same office in the April election of 1888, were approached in an insulting manner by Democratic bull-dozers, and ordered to leave the State in five days. The two gentlemen above mentioned very soon declined to be candidates and became refugees in Vicksburg, Mississippi. At the end of the time allowed the bull-dozers returned to the houses of these Republicans, but each had made his escape ; yet these hungry Democratic cut-throats, determined to do mischief before leaving, insulted and abused the families of the two escaped colored Republicans. That was the issue that gave the Louisiana Democrats a sweeping victory in the April election of 1888. Tariff was no issue ; Cleveland's message had nothing to do with the election. As to this statement, I have editorial proof for witness.

The Democratic sheets of Louisiana editorially opposed Mr. Warmoth's candidacy on the grounds that he was nominated in a Convention largely composed of colored men ; and that, if elected, his election would be due to colored men. This was the text of the Louisiana press. But among the most conspicuous of these was the editor of the *Picayune*. He, in common with other Democrats, made the color line an issue. This man, after once having resorted to the dictionary in search of the worst words to express his worst sentiments, continues his strain in the following manner:—

“ Our people will never consent to the election of a Governor who would, or who ever did, upon any pretext, call for Federal troops to aid him in the suppression of the popular will.”

It was from such editorials that the bull-dozers took the hint for getting the six-shooters ready for Democratic action.

But the editor of the *Picayune* knows that the Federal troops were called into Louisiana to protect and not “ suppress the popular will,” and that that popular will was Republican till suppressed by a Democratic minority. When a Democrat says the popular will, he means the Democratic will. A peep at the statistics shows that the Federal troops did not do much towards suppressing the popular will, for in 1872 the Republican majority was 14,634 ; while in 1876, in presence of the Federal troops, the Republican majority of that State was only 4,499, a Republican loss of 10,145 votes.

But, burning with self-conceit, this editor thus continues:—

“ It was Warmoth who first organized the Republican party of this State, and who first introduced the negroes as factors in politics. To elect him now would be to indorse the most corrupt administration that ever disgraced the annals of Louisiana ; to ignore the meaning of the 14th of September, and to place ourselves voluntarily under the control of the party which is justly abhorred by the friends of Caucasian civilization throughout the South.

“ When he had the power he did everything he could to Africanize this State, and to perpetuate the supremacy of a corrupt and incompetent Government.”

The above editorials, when translated in plain English, read thus, to the Louisiana Democrats:—

Democratic brethren, you are again confronted with a combined force of Republicanism. Warmoth heads a negro ticket. He was nominated by a negro Convention, and midst negro cheers ; and if elected his election will be due to the negro vote. How is this ? Can you stand it ? Will you stand it ? If you still believe in negro inferiority and Caucasian superiority ; if you still believe in the subjugation of the inferior to the superior race ; if you still believe in the doctrine of a white man's Government, you must not, and will not be timid, but outspoken. You must give Warmoth and the negroes to understand that this is a white man's Government, and that in Louisiana, a Democratic minority shall rule or ruin.

That's Democracy, pure and simple. Colored Independents,

where are you? How much has "time changed all things"? But passing from one Democratic State to another, gives a more general color of Democratic principles. Every Southern State is brimful of such men as head the Louisiana Democracy. Perhaps the reader is well aware of this fact, and, this being true, it will endow us with a comprehensive knowledge of Democratic sentiments and characteristics to pass by other Southern States of Louisiana's make-up, and try the Missouri Compromise region to see if there be any comfort for the black man in the Democratic party in that part of the world. We can interview the *St. Louis Republican*, another Democratic organ.

The editor of the *St. Louis Republican* puts it in white and black, in plain English, as did the Louisiana man, that not a grain of good feeling courses through his veins for the negro race. He despises the very existence of the race on American soil. Not only this, he despises the negro everywhere. He has, so to speak, gone to every State in the Union to despise him. He has gone to Africa and despised the negroes there. He has gone to the British Islands and despised them there. And now this Democrat sits in St. Louis weeping because there are no more negro worlds to despise.

I have before me an editorial of this Democratic editor, dated February 23, 1888. The editorial to which I refer is a complete article on race slander. He tells that the negro is a pull-back to American civilization, and says that the question as to what will become of the seven hundred thousand negroes in the British West Indies is a small one to the six million in the United States. And, continuing, he adds:—

"In three Southern States, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, the negroes outnumber the whites. In South Carolina there are sixty negroes to thirty-nine whites; Mississippi, sixty-five negroes to forty-seven whites, and in Louisiana, forty-eight negroes to forty-five whites. These are the proportions that prevail in these States, where they are called black districts; the proportions are more striking in these districts where there are four, five, and seven negroes to every one white person; indeed, the perpetuation of the blacks in the low bottom-lands of South Carolina and the river and bayou lands in Louisiana, is forcing the whites to seek homes elsewhere and abandon the soil to the inferior race, whose presence in overpowering numbers benumbs all enterprise, arrests progress and stifles civilization.

"Once we wanted Cuba, and would have given \$100,000,000 for it; and now we wouldn't have it as a gift. We were offered

the island of St. Thomas by the Danish Government, but we refused to accept it. San Domingo applied for admission into the Union ; although the plan was backed up by the whole authority of the Grant Administration, it was rejected. In short, there is not one of these fair and fertile Antilles that we would have on any terms ; and the reason is that they are dominated by the blacks. We desire cold and bleak Canada because it has a white population.

“But we have a race problem on our hands sufficiently troublesome already without being aggravated by the annexation of seven hundred thousand more blacks, wherein one of the largest of the West Indies is lapsing into fetishism of their ancestors.”

There's another Democratic pill ; colored men, can you crack the nut ? Can you explain the unexplainable ? We have scaled the Democratic party from Louisiana to Missouri, the headquarters of the Compromise Bill, and still we find that a Democrat is a Democrat—that and nothing more.

It is strange that the colored population of to-day is “forcing the whites to seek homes elsewhere,” when thirty years ago the whites of “South Carolina bottom and Louisiana river and bayou lands” would not be contented in a community without the blacks. Then, the whites would give anything, even their religion, for the blacks. They bought the blacks, they stole the blacks, they bossed the blacks, they claimed the blacks, they owned the blacks. They poured the blacks in from everywhere, and to everywhere, for all occasions and at all times. Anyway you go at it, they were determined to have the blacks at any rate and any cost. Now comes the report from Democratic headquarters that the negroes are “forcing the whites to seek homes elsewhere.” What a world of sham and false prophets!

Is it not strange that when the black man did not know what the letter A was, the whites could live in the bottoms with him, but as soon as the black man learned the letter A, the white man would get up and run ? I say, Isn't it strange ? Indeed it is. Everybody knows the reason that thirty years ago the white man would live in the river bottoms with the black man, the white man could dare the black man to take up a spelling book ; and when the black man went over this dare, then the white man's whip and the black man's blood had a settlement. That is the reason. But now things are changed. The black man not “only takes” up a spelling book, but he spells, not only spells, but teaches it. “That's what's the matter with Hannah.” No won-

der the white folks leave the river bottoms—too many blacks with spelling books. Whenever a black man barbarizes into barbarism then the whites stick to him. But whenever he civilizes into civilization then the whites are forced “to seek homes elsewhere.”

Behold how fast the blacks are civilizing even along the Southern bottoms! Atlanta, Georgia, has two first-class colored colleges. New Orleans, Louisiana, has two, and Marshall, Texas, has two. In these institutions of learning, even these, hundreds of blacks are being educated, and are imparting the same to the many blacks throughout the South, even along the South Carolina bottom and Louisiana river and bayou lands. It is this attitude of the blacks that gives to the whites a very serious source of apprehension. Our Bourbon friend should explain in full, not by half. This editor is honest, honest enough to be as mean as a Democrat can get to be; and mean enough to be so bold as to tell the Democratic reason for the rejection of the several oceanic islands. It matters not how fertile or fair these South Sea islands may be, nor how advantageous to the United States they may be, the one and only Democratic objection is, these islands are dominated by blacks, not whites. They favor Canada because her population is white; oppose Cuba because hers is black. No more objections. That is all. This is a grand specimen of Democratic statesmanship. Still these negro-hating Democrats are making undermining bids for the colored vote—sometimes by deceitful counsels, and other times by the shot-gun. And these blood-eating Democrats believe and declare the colored men are fools enough to be deceived and shot, and then, again, fools enough to rally next November and vote for the men that shot and deceived them. May be so. But such fools will not live long. No, Mr. Democrat, such fools as you are in pursuit of are scarce. And the Christian hearts of America will sing songs of praises to their blessed Redeemer when there will not be living enough of such fools to bury those unliving. You must bear in mind that the brother in black does not solicit or desire Democratic piloting. He is his own pilot, especially if the shot-gun company is all his dependence. You must recollect that, brother Democrat; you must get out of the black man's way; or if you do not, and get trodden upon, you must not grunt. Bear this in mind, every word of it.

All through the South, all through Louisiana and Mississippi,

all through Missouri, we find that Democratic principles oppose Africans and Africanism, or negroes and negroism. The old lined and still pursued Democratic doctrine is that the "nigger needs a boss." That is Democracy pure and simple. We may go to Kentucky, we shall find it the same thing. Take for illustration one of the chief sons of Kentucky Democracy. Take his word for it, even that, high up in the political atmosphere, the colored man finds no consolation in the Democratic party. It is all scorn and abuse. As editors shape and perfect Democratic sentiment and are representative characters of Democratic characteristics, it would do the reader justice to consult Mr. Henry Waterson's opinion of the colored race. Then we shall have Democratic sentiment down very fine from the cane bottoms of Louisiana to the tobacco patches of Kentucky. For editor Waterson is a representative Kentucky Democrat. Let us consult him.

Always and ever he has been a red-hot antagonist of the black man's rights. For it was but a few years since, when the colored men had called, at a certain place and time, a representative gathering of the race, that Mr. Waterson took occasion to spit at Mr. Douglass and other race leaders for so doing. But way up here in April, 1888, this Kentucky Bourbon comes spitting again, spitting on everybody that is black; half, third or fourth black. In other words, he comes spitting on everybody that has any connection with, or sympathy for, African blood. That is the way he spits and every other Bourbon that spits at all. Now to the point. Mr. Waterson, in the April number of the *Forum*, wrote a reply, or an intended reply, to Mr. Murat Halstead's article on the suppression of the colored vote in the South. Mr. Waterson denies everything Mr. Halstead said. He denies it in his own way; denies it without proof; denies it with all evidence against himself and in favor of Mr. Halstead. In other words, Mr. Waterson was nigger hungry, and he simply denies for the want of something to deny. But, anyway, his denials I have before me.

Mr. Waterson assails Mr. Halstead for his bold and manly fight for justice and fair play in Southern elections. He denounced the Ohio journalist in every line he could spare. He then went in search of suitable words to give Mr. Halstead an unfitting and undiscovered name; failing in this, he concluded to

style Mr. Halstead a "red Republican." Every word and line that Mr. Waterson wrote seemed to be fitted for the occasion only, and that occasion was to show the principles that he and his party now represent in 1888.

Even at this stage of political history, he represents the Secessionists of the late war. He represents rebellion and rebellionism. He represents every man that rebelled. He represents every man that took up arms against his country. He even represents Stephen A. Alexander, when, twenty-seven years ago, he said that "the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition." That was the sentiment that a South Carolina Democrat represented in 1861, and it is the same sentiment that a Kentucky Democrat represents in 1888. In the article referred to, Mr. Waterson begins his say and opens his soul thus:—

"That section of the Republican press, which may be fitly described as red Republican, getting its inspiration from a speech delivered by Mr. Blaine after his defeat for President in 1884, is seeking to rekindle the angry passions of the era of Reconstruction, on a claim of Mr. Blaine's suggestion that the negro is suppressed, and the last three amendments to the Constitution are nullified by the white people of the South. Beneath this incendiary scheme, trumped up for party uses, lurk the demons of race-war and anarchy."

Mr. Waterson is a typical Southerner and a first-class hinter. His hints are readily perceived. He claims that it was a suggestion of Mr. Blaine's that the negro vote was suppressed. Not so; Mr. Waterson knows it is not so. He knows that Mr. Blaine's utterance was no suggestion, but an emphatic statement of an emphatic truth. If he knows half as much as he claims to know of the Southern States, he knows that it is Democratic rule not only to count out and suppress the colored vote, but, if necessary, to organize into mobs to carry on election. He knows that Mr. Blaine was not "defeated for President in 1884," but was unjustly and dishonestly counted out by the bull-dozers of the three Republican States, namely, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. He knows that these bull-dozers were backed up by every State in the South. More than that, he knows that there is no "scheme" in a clamor for fair elections, but an exposure of Democratic "schemes" to count out such votes and in such officers as, from time to time,

seem fit for Democratic demands. He knows that such "schemes" are befriended by Democratic officials, from Governor up to Constable down. He knows that these are the Democratic "schemes" of unjustly preserving a solid South. He knows the one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes do not all belong to Democracy, and that too much talk about them is dangerous to Democratic supremacy. He knows that a wholesale suppression of voters is a wholesale perpetuation of a fraudulent Government. He knows that when a standing mob of organized men make a raid upon the people's lives and property, such raiders then and there become nullifiers of the Constitution. And thus he knows that the "last three amendments to the Constitution are nullified by the white people of the South." Yet, in spite of his wealth of every-day knowledge, Mr. Waterson has the insulting audacity to defy an Ohio Republican, to make the best mention of it. He assures Mr. Halstead that a mention or remention of Democratic cruelties to Southern colored men will lead to "race war and anarchy."

Mr. Halstead declares and proves that the colored vote in the Southern States is suppressed. Mr. Waterson, for the sake of argument, admits this to be true. But ah! hear him explain:—

"If the entire white population of Mississippi could by some miracle be transplanted elsewhere, and its place supplied by an equal number of white Republicans from the Western Reserve of Ohio, the case would be in nowise altered; within a year the same antagonisms would spring up, and the same need of protection would compel a white minority representing intelligence and property against a black majority representing ignorance and brute force."

That is the way Southern white men chat by the fireside when black men are on the outside. Now you see, we have the truth from this Democrat. He admits that a "white minority" suppresses a "black majority;" but adds that it must be done. The Southerners have been wrong so much and so long that Mr. Waterson thinks that if Ohio Republicans immigrate to Mississippi, they would catch the rebel disease. That is saying that the Democrats are making the country so bad that if they move from a certain part, and then a good set of men move in, this good set, in a year's time, must become bad too. Well, if that be true, all I can say is, I trust the Bourbons of the South will not take it on themselves to emigrate in the next two hundred years. That is logic. For if they did, you know this would be a rebel

country the year round. Let the good prayers of Christian churches be heard for Democratic reformation for fear that, soon or late, the Mississippi Democrats might take a notion to emigrate, and then, good-by for liberty and progress.

Mr. Waterson failing to have at command all necessary language to express his utter scorn for his darker neighbors, loses all confidence in himself, crosses the Ohio, wanders about in the Buck-eye State, and wanders still till, to his surprise and unutterable consolation, he finds and quotes from one William M. Dickson, an Ohio Democrat with a Kentucky heart. As to the reason why Mr. Waterson quotes from Mr. Dickson, the reader can better judge for himself after hearing the latter gentleman's arguments. It is also a reply to that ever-fearless champion of human rights, Murat Halstead. Read Mr. Dickson's reply:—

“Shall we continue a sectional agitation until we compel the Southern States to submit to the rule of ignorant field-hands? Would Cincinnati vote in the affirmative on this question? This you dodge. You say that Cincinnati would vote by an overwhelming majority for the maintenance of the rights of men. No doubt of that; but that is not my question. The constitution and law of Ohio guarantee to the colored children of Oxford, Ohio, admission to the public schools, but the white citizens of that village nullify that constitution and deny the colored children their school rights; and this not in Mississippi, but in the shadow of Paddy's Run, the town honored by your birth.

“Seventy-five of the leading citizens have banded together to boycott these four negro children; not, mark you, to protect themselves against the vote, the rule of these negroes, but to deny to them the opportunity of education. And you are silent! The wrongs of the negro of Louisiana touch you, but not those at your door. And yet the people of Oxford would vote to enforce negro rule in Louisiana. Now, in my opinion, it is cruel, it is inhuman, to deny the colored children the school. It is also illegal, unconstitutional, in every way regrettable, to deny to the Southern negro his vote, and it is monstrous injustice to give the whites there the advantage of this negro vote. But of what value in either place to the negro is my unavailable regrets? If race prejudice is cruel and inhuman, how can I help it? If civilization would perish to allow the ignorant field-hands South to rule, how dare I to enforce that rule? And if I dared to enforce it, how could I succeed? Were you in power to-day what would or could you do? Reduce, you say, representation under the Fourteenth Amendment. You cannot. That part of the Fourteenth is dead—killed by the Fifteenth Amendment. What, then, do you propose? A vain and aimless agitation? That is child's play.

“Will you send an army South to compel the submission to

the rule of ignorant field-hands? Grant tried this; sent soldiers into the Legislature; unseated certain members and seated others. . . . Can you do now what Grant failed to do then? Would Cincinnati aid you in sending an armed force South? Would it be good for the negro to awaken at this time a fierce race struggle? These are plain questions; will you answer them? Flighty anathemas, sky-rocket declamation, droll buffoonery, may amuse the groundlings; they do not deceive the judicious. The race question is a difficult one; it becomes fearfully difficult in a community where the intelligent white man is outnumbered five to one by the ignorant field-hands. Then arises a conflict of rights. In 1819 John Quincy Adams recorded in his diary, speaking of the race problem as it then presented itself with slavery, these words: 'This is a question between the rights of human nature and the Constitution.' The problem of to-day is between the rights of civilization and the Constitution. Until we can see our way clear to a proper solution of this problem, is it not the part of wisdom to leave it to the people directly involved in it? At all events it is clear that it would better things to refer this question to the citizens of Oxford."

Now you hear it, that is the way an Ohio Democrat talks about the black man. On these few last pages we have consulted Democratic sentiment from New Orleans to Cincinnati. It gets no better; if anything, worse. One-half of what Judge Dickson had to say was something, the other half nothing,—result—a meaningless finality of nothingness. This man despises a negro—despises him so much that he despises the man that talks about him, especially if the talk be for the colored man's good. Judge Dickson is lip and soul a rebel. He frowns upon the black as a good-for-nothing animal, not human.

The Judge asks, "Shall we continue a sectional agitation until we compel the Southern States to submit to the rule of ignorant field-hands?" That is a bad question for a judge to ask. If the Constitution of the United States discriminated against "ignorant field-hands," if in this discrimination it granted to the white men of the South the free privilege of organizing into "ku-klux" bands to mob and shoot colored men for voting the Republican ticket, then Judge Dickson's question can be answered in the negative. But the Constitution does not grant any such thing. It grants to the "ignorant field-hands" as many rights as it does the Cincinnati judge. Judge Dickson had the daring to compare Ohio with Mississippi in its treatment of the colored race. In so doing he wandered off to a Democratic

county in Ohio, and blindly spoke of the "poor negro children's" school rights. He failed to do that till he was forced to. He says, "Seventy-five of the leading citizens banded together to boycott these poor negro children." Well, that is a feeble comparison, if it is in a Democratic county. "Seventy-five citizens" banded together in Mississippi would do more than that. They would not "boycott the poor negro children, but kill them." More than that, they would kill the parents. The colored people can endure a little school resolution better than they can a mob gang. To open Judge Dickson's eyes to measures of comparison, I shall give him an instance of what *twenty-four* Democratic "citizens" will do in Mississippi. The *Magnolia Gazette*, a paper published in Mississippi, and bearing the date April 14, 1888, contains an article headed, "Bull-dozing in Mississippi." It reads substantially as follows:—

"Considerable excitement prevails in the southeastern portion of this county on account of the recent exploits of several men, who seem to delight in creating disturbances.

"From the best information we could obtain, it appears that these men disliked certain of their colored neighbors named Hardy Kaigler, Ben Kaigler, and Joseph Prescott, and have for some time endeavored to get information that would necessitate "regulating" them.

"On Friday night they arrested Frank Warner, a negro boy about fifteen years old, and beat him unmercifully with a view of making him tell something against the above-named negro men, but without success. On Saturday they caught Frank again and treated him even worse than before. They asked him direct questions in regard to the Kaiglers and Prescott, and when the boy said that he knew nothing against them, a rope was placed around his neck, and he was told that he would be hanged unless he announced the questions put him in the affirmative. Seeing that there was no other way of saving his own life, the poor boy told that the aforesaid negro men had attempted to break into a store at Dillon's Bridge. This was all they wanted, and immediately started for the respective abodes of the unsuspecting negroes, taking the boy along with them.

"The two Kaiglers were caught and placed under guard, and then they proceeded to the house of Joseph Prescott, on Mr. Richard Fortinberry's plantation, and called him out. It was then past midnight. As soon as the negro ascertained what they wanted of him, he jerked loose from them and ran off. Several shots were fired at him by the crowd, only one of which took effect. The ball entered the right side just above the hip, and, penetrating the bowels, produced a wound from which he died on

Monday. The assassins then returned and whipped the Kaiglers in a most brutal manner, one of whom they left for dead by the roadside, but they still live, and if their lives are spared will be important witnesses against their assailants.

"An inquest was held Tuesday over the body of Joseph Prescott, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with facts, charging twenty-four white men with the crime.

"Warrants for their arrest were placed in the hands of Capt. A. A. Boyd, Sheriff, who summoned a *posse* of twelve men, and after riding all night succeeded in arresting seventeen of the persons named in the verdict. The accused were brought before Mr. I. M. Ellzey, Justice of the Peace, Wednesday morning and had the preliminary trial set for Thursday."

That is what twenty-four citizens band together and do in Mississippi. Oxford is not "a drop in the bucket." Judge Dickson should learn how to compare, or let the matter slide. Take Mr. Halstead's reply for a conclusive satisfaction; here it is:—

"Judge William M. Dickson's last communication to us touching politics appears in small type in another column. He repeats his inquiry about the rule of the South by ignorant field-hands. There are no men in the country to whose hands the responsibilities of citizenship may be more safely trusted than the field-hands. The field-hands of the South, as well as of the North, possess the ballot, and we are in favor of the full and complete recognition of their rights, black as well as white. The Judge refers to the prejudices in Ohio against the blacks, and to outbreaks in Butler County. Well, that happens to be the most bigoted Democratic County in the State, and do not regard the exercise of prejudices in that part of the world as an example to be followed. These prejudices, we presume, will wear out. At least, we shall not respect them. The Judge tells us what we can and cannot do about a fair ballot in the South. There are several things he does not know. He is a very inaccurate person. If we elect a Republican President and Congress, we shall see whether the terms upon which the reconstructed States were restored, are to be disregarded. In fact, the Judge is about the most ignorant man about the actualities of politics that we know. Can we do what Grant failed to do? the Judge asks. Yes, we think we can. The people were then weak through their generosity, and anxious to be magnanimous. Grant was a soldier, and was through with fighting. As the case stands and events drift, the whole country is to be ground by the Democratic of the South, using the black numeration simply to augment the white vote. The manhood of the North must at least demand white equality. The Judge belongs to the Democratic party, and very low down in it, and do not think Republicans need to pay the slightest attention to his miserable spirit of acquiescence in a

wrong which is one of the greatest of which there is a record. He should go to Oxford, Ohio, to pose as an old Abolitionist on the street corners."

That is the way the story goes, a Democrat at the bottom every time.

As far as has been stated on preceding pages, there was no fairness in the late Louisiana election. Later information gives polish to this truth. It is also true that Governor McEnery voluntarily broke his promise of seeing that a fair election was assured. He broke it when, in his letter to the returning officers, he said: "Warmoth is developing too much strength; see to it that your parish is returned strongly Democratic at all hazards." The officers, of course, obeyed. Counts were held back till the tide was determined. The Democrats were at a loss as to what figures to use in writing their majority. They thought of putting it at 50,000, but thinking that would probably give them away in the coming campaign, they thought again of 20,000, but still, undecided, they placed their majority between 20,000 and 50,000, till the delayed reports would determine the exact figures for Democratic rejoicing. Finally, later returns came in, and, on the first notice, the Democrats gave themselves away in Rapides Parish, where they claimed for Nichols a plurality of 7,000. In 1880, this parish had a total population of only 23,454; 13,942 colored, and 9,512 white. There was then a total voting population of 5,287. Still, the Democrats claimed a plurality of 7,000 in that parish. In Madison Parish they say things went on quietly. Of course; they did the terrifying before election. It does Democrats no injustice to show them their faults. Of course, fraud prevails in the politics of every Southern State, but special stress is placed upon Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, because these States are so thickly settled with colored population. Now, an illustration of Alabama's political corruption is in order. Go to the Fourth Congressional District of Alabama. Take up the contested election case of Mr. A. C. Davidson from that district, and we have no evidence showing why he should grace a seat in the Fiftieth Congress, but all evidence showing why he should not. Aside from the fact that he represents a district having a colored voting majority of 26,612, plenty of other evidence shows the fraud manipulated by the Alabama Democrats in unjustly counting Mr. Davidson in and Mr. McDuffy out. Below

is another table of political witness. These facts were produced in the contested election case of Mr. Davidson, and were shown to exist in his districts.

TOWNS.	VOTERS.	NO. VOTED.	DAVIDSON.	M'DUFFY.
Canton.....	214	276	226	
Pineapple.....	318	324	244	6
Mount Hope.....	162	416	399	4
Fox's Mill	116	111	111	
Sedam.....	106	115	105	4
Gee Bend.....	141	210	190	
Total.....	1057	1552	1285	14

There goes the table of Democratic fraud, showing that out of a total vote of 1,057, the Democrats counted 1,285 for Davidson. The black man is not only disfranchised, but he is made a tool of. The Democrats in the Fourth Alabama District did more than simply add unborn Democrats to their list in 1886, for they even went to the grave-yards and recorded the names of Democrats who had been dead four and eight years, some of whom had died during the Hayes Administration. Still (says the report), their votes were counted in 1886.

As to how these rebellious Southerners mischievously and successfully maintain these Southern election frauds, they themselves bear witness. And it was but a few weeks ago that several Southern gentlemen took occasion to do this. It was at Hot Springs, Arkansas, during the city election there, that several Democrats took it to themselves to boast of Southern brutality to the black man. A newspaper correspondent thus states the Democratic—dialogue—kind of a conversation:—

“You don't see any such impudence as that in our part of the country,” remarked a young Alabamian, as he watched the colored ticket peddlers button-holding voters. “There a negro knows his place.”

“What's that?” I asked.

“Well, you don't see 'em running elections. They take a back seat.”

“Do you let 'em vote?”

“Oh, yes! but we do the counting,” he observed with a smile.

“Sometimes a voter's name isn't spelled right, and he doesn't get to vote. Then, in our State, you can't go within

thirty feet of the polls. The challengers are inside. If a man's vote is challenged and he makes much fuss about it, we jump him with a pair of six-shooters. But that doesn't happen often. We reason with them, tell 'em its no use to vote, we've got to have things our way, and that usually settles it."

"We don't allow this impudence in Texas," said a young man standing near by. "Over in my town we hang negroes who don't know their place. One was hanged in Tyler not long ago, because he took too much interest in elections."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, he went 'round shootin' off his mouth! He was warned to quit or he'd be strung up. He didn't do it. He was notified to leave on a certain day; he didn't go, but the next morning he was hanging to a tree. Never found out who did it."

"In West Virginia, we let 'em vote," remarked a politician from that State, "but reason with them, and get as many as we can to vote our way. We resort to some dilitary tactics sometimes to prevent a full vote. I remember once we had two ballot boxes, one for the whites, and the other for the colored voters. The negroes were compelled to march up between two ropes along a narrow passage-way one hundred feet in length. Each man had to walk that distance, answer questions, cast his ballot, and get out before another could get in. In that way about one-third of the negroes got to vote. But," he added in all seriousness, "*we had to do it.*"

That is one time that a Democratic conversation was full of truth. These are the solid South methods; and it is a solid South company that heads the list. It was these self-same methods to which the Louisiana Democrats resorted, when, March last, they drove from that State the two colored Republicans as heretofore mentioned, namely, Johnson and Hawkins. Behold the influence that drove them. True, it was a mob; but it was a Democratic Governor who incited the mob so to do. The mob took the hint, when Governor McEnery said, "All law is suspended." This mob took the hint still more when this same Governor remarked that before he would permit the Republicans to have control of Louisiana, "I would see this country wrapped in a revolution from Arkansas to the gulf." Of course, such assurance from the Governor made the mob safe; and, consequently, it took such action as heretofore mentioned. Then the Democrats sent tele-

grams that the election was quiet, and that "the negroes boldly voted the Democratic ticket." While refugeed in Vicksburg, Mississippi, Honorable Johnson wrote a letter to the Republican State Central Committee, of Louisiana, which explains the cause of so much quietness in the April election. Here are the important points in his letter:—

"The Democrats of Madison found out that threats would not secure the parish for General Nicholson, and the balance of the ticket, so they resorted to violence.

"On Monday, at 1 o'clock, I was ordered to leave the parish and remain away until after the election. I called in some of my white friends for protection, and I left their house about 9 o'clock at night, and returned home with the assurance that no harm should befall me, or any of my friends; but I concluded to be on my lookout (a lookout in the woods).

"At 12 o'clock at night of the same day, *twelve white men came to my house armed with guns*, took from my house a fine breech-loading shot-gun and I am informed that they destroyed other property of mine.

"They could not find me, so they went to my brother's house, and abused him and his family. Then they went to my nephew's house, and ordered him to follow them.

"He states that they started to hang him and would have done it but that one of the gang begged him off. Then they concluded to whip him, and it was a whipping indeed. He was whipped with an iron rod, so you may judge the balance yourself. I left the poor boy in a bad fix. I witnessed the whipping myself, and I also saw them when they entered my house, but I was helpless, and was forced to remain quiet, or I could not have written you to-day."

Such statements as the above are consistent with Democratic principles; and such facts brought from Hon. Fred Douglass, in his late speech at Washington, such wise utterance and such truths as angels cannot despise. In the course of his oration this great and peerless negro orator said:—

"It was something more than an empty boast in old times when it was said that one slave-master was equal to three Northern white men. Though this did not turn out to be true on the battle-field, it does seem to be true in the councils of the nation. In sight of all the nation these ambitious men of the South have dared to take possession of the Government, which they, with broad blades and bloody hands, sought to destroy; in sight of all the nation they have disregarded and trampled upon the Constitution, and organized parties on sectional lines. From the ramparts of the solid South, with their one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes in the electoral college, they have dared to defy the nation

to put a Republican President in the Presidential chair for the next four years, as they once threatened the nation with civil war if it elected Abraham Lincoln. With this grip on the Presidential chair, with the House of Representatives in their hands, with the Supreme Court deciding every question in favor of the States as against the power of the Federal Government, denying to the Government the right to protect the franchise of its own citizens, they may well see themselves masters not only of their former slaves, but of the whole situation. With these facts before us, tell me not that the negro is safe in the possession of his liberty. Tell me not that the power will assert itself. Tell me not that they who despise the Constitution they have sworn to support, will respect the rights of the negro whom they already despise. Tell me not that men who thus break faith in God, will be scrupulous in keeping faith with the poor negro laborer of the South. Tell me not that a people who have lived by the sweat of other men's faces, and thought themselves Christian gentlemen while doing it, will feel themselves bound by principles of justice to their former victims in their weakness. Such a pretense in face of the facts is shameful, shocking, and sickening. Yet there are men at the North who believe all this.

"Well may it be said that Americans have no memories. We look over the House of Representatives and see the solid South enthroned there. We listen with calmness to eulogies of the South and of traitors, and forget Andersonville. We look over the Senate and see the Senator from South Carolina, and we forget Hamburg. We see Robert Smalls cheated out of his seat in Congress, and forget the Planter and the service rendered by the colored troops in the late war for the Union.

"Well, the nation may forget, it may shut its eyes to the past and frown upon any who may do otherwise, but the colored people of this country are bound to keep fresh a memory of the past, till justice shall be done them in the present. When this shall be done, we shall, as readily as any other part of your respected citizens, plead for an act of oblivion."

Now, in conclusion, permit me to say that I have within one undying sentiment, and one word of counsel to my oppressed brethren. From the last line of introduction to the first of conclusion, I have labored that no cloud of doubt may remain as to the fact that the Democrats and their wretched party have waged, and still persist in waging, against colored Americans, red deeds of crime, and horrors of such incomparable cursedness as have never been touched or told by the pen of fiction or the tongue of prophecy. That party, and the gang that sympathizes with it, that party of unjust men and cruel mobs, has but one famous motto, and that motto is this, "White superiority and black in-

feriority"—or, "Caucasian domination and negro subordination."

We hear the independent voices of independent colored men. Colored independents, what is it that you wish? You say that we must command respect. You say that the Irish do; the Germans do; but that we do not. Pray tell what is it that we demand of parties and politicians. Is it that four or five of us shall be ministers to some foreign country? that some of us shall be city janitors, porters, letter-carriers and such like? Is this your demand? this and no more? God forbid. For while a half dozen of us are some foreign representatives, and a few hundred of us holding some other office good or indifferent, pray tell where are the five and a half millions of oppressed blacks? Where are their respects? Where their protection? What shall be their demands? What part of the Constitution shall they search for their consolation? Is it satisfactory to a handful of black office-seekers or office-holders to see five millions of their race left out in the cold to the mercy of Southern mobs, and then still left to the mercy of mob judges as their last and only chance for justice? If so, I call upon the voters of my race representing the five and a half millions of oppressed blacks to pass the colored office-seekers by and stand for justice and fair play.

We must remember that we cannot command respect by falling to our knees and deceitfully worshiping those who scorn and kick us without one pretense of excuse. We must remember that the Democrats have set foot against us for more than two hundred years, and that no bowing to their outrages will command for us one particle of respect. It makes them worse; it makes them boastful; and to the civilized world it lowers our true standing, our respect, our manhood and patriotism, to the beastly level of non-recognition.

Let us re-unite; let us add strength to ourselves and party; let us gather up every truth of principle, every spark of loyalty, and rally with vigor and force against Democracy, the head-light of cut-throatism and the common foe of our race and country. Conscience, good sense and race-love demand all this and more. For our race is not free, not half. Our Congress is choked with Democratic assassins who went to Washington marching over the precious blood of our race. We must remember this. We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by white Bourbons or black office-seeking cranks.

Democrats everywhere are seeking the colored man's support. But it must not be granted. When the Democrats shall have reformed, in act as well as in word; when they no longer look upon the black man as a filthy outcast; when they everywhere, South as well as North, shall have recognized him as citizen, yes, as man; when they shall openly declare that the present system of masterism in the South is an open rebellion to the highest authority of our country; when they shall have considered the preciousness of human blood, and recognized the preciousness of such blood, whether it courses through the veins of an Asiatic white or an Ethiopian black man; when they shall have determined that midnight raids, "ku-klux" bands and mob laws be no more the characteristics of Southern Democracy; when they shall have seen to it that organized crowds of human intimidations and assassinations no longer mar the name, and stifle the progress, of Southern civilization; when they shall have repealed the obnoxious black laws of Southern Legislatures; when they no longer count in unelected Democrats to Southern Legislatures to enact laws in favor of the white man's smoke-house and against the black man's corn-crib; when they shall have learned and openly acknowledged that the colored man cannot support himself and family on \$8.00 per month that too in confederate notes; when they shall have permitted the white man of the North to speak in every village town of the South if he so desired; when they shall have recognized justice everywhere, in church and in court; when they are no longer nullifiers of the Constitution; when they no longer claim one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes at the expense of men's liberties and lives, and, in addition to all these improprieties and perhaps impossibilities, when the Democrats shall have equaled and surpassed our Republican principles—then, and not until then, will there be a reasonable plea for colored men's division in politics.

THE END.

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